the messenger

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New Opinion of the New Negro

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May-June, 1928

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THE MESSENGER is the recognized mouthpiece of the more advanced section of the Negro group in the United States. For ten years it has spoken intelligently and eloquently in behalf of organization of labor, white as well as black, believing, as it does, that the questions of wages, hours of work, safeguards on the job and proper representation of the worker, are the most important items confronting the majority of the men and women, white as well as black, in the United States. For two years it has been the official organ of The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters whose organization it espoused and whose battles it has consistently fought.

Announcing

THE James E. Shepard Awards

For Negro Children's Art

At the suggestion of THE MESSENGER, Dr. James E. Shepard, President of The North Carolina College for Negroes, Durham, N. C., Chairman of the Durham Stock-Taking and Fact-Finding Conference, and one of the outstanding Negro leaders in the United States, is sponsoring a monthly award of valuable books on Negro history and achievement to Negro school children who submit each month the best work in drawing and water colors. Altogether there are eight prizes, four for water colors and four for drawings, all carrying awards of equal value.

THE MESSENGER is handling the contest, judging the work submitted, making the monthly awards and reproducing in its pages the art work of the winners. Over 5,000 Negro schools, mainly in the South, and all newspapers, Young Men's and Women's Christian Associations, and other agencies, have been notified and are urged to cooperate in this effort to stimulate the artistic spark in Negro youth.

The Awards

For each of the FOUR best Drawings submitted—One Copy of "The Negro in Our History" by Carter G. Woodson, and THE MESSENGER for One Year.

For each of the FOUR best Water Colors submitted—One Copy of "The Negro in Our History" by Carter G. Woodson, and THE MESSENGER for One Year.

Rules

1. All art work should have the name of the pupil written on the back, also the name of his teacher and the name and address of the school.
2. A border of at least two inches should be left all around the work. Drawings and Water Colors should be mounted on stiff cardboard and *MAILED FLAT.*
3. No work will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and self-addressed container.
4. The contest will last during the three remaining months of the school term—April, May and June, and the winning art work will be announced and reproduced in the May, June and July numbers of THE MESSENGER.
5. Entrants for April must arrive at THE MESSENGER office not later than April First, 1928; those for May not later than May First, 1928, and those for June not later than June First.
6. All work must be addressed to: "The Children's Art Editor," THE MESSENGER, 2311 Seventh Avenue, New York.
7. Contest is open to all Negro children in the Grammar and High School grades, either in public or private schools.

The Messenger

New Opinion of the New Negro

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MAY-JUNE, 1928

Price: 15 Cents a Copy; $1.50 a year in United States; $1.75 in Canada; $2.00 in foreign countries.

THE COAL MINERS AT BAY

BY A. W. JOHNSON,

Secretary Local No. 2950, United Mine Workers of America, Box 172, Wellsburg, W. Va.

The mining situation is inconceivable to any one who has not seen the condition, and it is unbelievable that such situation exists in the United States.

Dividing the ranks of labor is the general policy of the employers. It pays them to draw a line between skilled and unskilled workers, between native and foreign born, between Catholic and Protestant, Negro and white. The color line is only one of a number of fake issues used by the bosses to divide the ranks of labor.

Unfortunately, a large number, altogether too large a number of workers, both white and colored, fall for this scheme of the employers and themselves help to divide their own ranks. You hear, for instance, some honest-to-goodness white miner say: "I do not mind the white scab, but be I damned if I will stand for a Negro scab." You find on the other hand some Negro representatives who consider it a virtue for a Negro to go scabbing and help the bosses break the union.

This way of looking at the question is both incorrect and dangerous to the cause of labor. A few facts must be mentioned in order to expose the fake scheme of the employers and in order to bring closer solidarity between the white and Negro workers. The operators in order to divide the miners along race lines, are spreading rumors, which are generally accepted as a matter of fact, that the Negroes compose a big majority of the strike breakers. This is far from being correct. Those familiar with the strike situation in Western Pennsylvania, where the struggle is the hottest, know very well that in a large number of mines only white scabs are used to break a strike. The data showing the actual numerical relation between the Negro and white strike breakers are carefully concealed by the coal operators. A rough estimate, however, shows that in the Pittsburgh district, the majority of the scabs are not Negroes, but white. In Central Pennsylvania, practically no Negro scabs are used. Reports show that the Negro miner who is usually imported from the southern cotton fields, and who in many cases know nothing about a strike being on, refuses to stay in the scab mine for any length of time, and does not so easily submit to the miserable conditions existing in the scab mines. Many pickets report they have less difficulty in getting out the Negro scab, than the white. No one mentions, the loyalty to the union on the part of the Negro union miners. Yet it is of common knowledge that the union Negro miners are at least as good fighters and loyal union men as the white union miners. You find the Negro union miner fighting shoulder to shoulder with the white miners, doing picket duty, starving and freezing for his union side by side with his white fellow union men. While the coal operators try to set the white strikers against the Negroes by spreading lies regarding the number of Negro scabs, etc., they play the other end of the game by propagandizing among the Negro miners that it is in the interest of the race to break the union. The Negroes who are imported into the Pennsylvania or West Virginia coal fields and just as the white scabs, are subjected to the conditions of actual slavery.

Like the white scab, and even more so, the Negro scab is compelled to work for a miserable wage and is paid with company money which he must spend in the company store. Cases are numerous, where companies close their doors to the Negro scabs as soon as they have sufficient whites to fill the places. The advertisements in the daily press, even now during the strike read that Only White Miners Need Apply. Unfortunately, some of the unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor still follows the policy of discrimination against the Negro workers. The United Mine Workers of America has no discrimination policy. It is the duty of Negroes and whites alike to bring pressure to bear upon the A. F. of L. to do away with any and all race discrimination. It is our duty to fight against race prejudices, both among the white and Negro workers. It is the task of both Negro and white workers to convince the Negro workers that it is in their interest to save the miners' union.

Condition in the Coal Industry Central Competitive Field

A group of states including western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, constitute what is known in the coal industry as the central competitive fields, and ever since 1898, the operators and miners of the central competitive field have followed the policy of negotiating basic wage agreements for that field. Interruptions in the continuity of this policy have been few and brief. A joint conference of miners and operators of the central competitive field was held in Jacksonville, Fla., in 1924, at which time an agreement was reached, with the approval of the United States Government, for an extension of the then existing wage scale for a further period of three years, expiring on March 31, 1927. Among the coal producing companies, that were bound by that agreement, was the Pittsburgh Coal Company, the largest producing company in America. Two officials of that company signed the Jacksonville agreement. Notwithstanding the fact that it was a direct party to the Jacksonville agreement and that two of its officers had signed their names thereto in ink, the Pittsburgh Coal Company very soon afterward, brazenly repudiated the contract and refused to live up to it. Vice President Lesher, of the Pittsburgh Coal Company, in a recent published interview, admitted that that company signed the Jacksonville agreement and was bound by it and that it had repudiated the agreement.

Following this act of business immorality and dishonesty by the Pittsburgh Coal Company, other large coal companies of Western Pennsylvania followed the lead of that company in repudiating the Jacksonville agreement and attempted to operate their properties with green, inexperienced strike breakers. These companies have imported into the mining fields of western Pennsylvania tens of thousands of such men from the slums of Cleveland, Detroit and eastern cities and many more thousands of Negroes from the cotton fields of the south, to work in their mines for wages far below a living standard. This means wholesale unemployment for many thousand of experienced and skilled mine workers who insist upon a decent wage level.

It is well known that the Pennsylvania Railroad has been co-operating with the Pittsburgh Coal Company, the Hillman Coal and Coke Company, the Bethlehem

Mines Corporation and other coal corporations in the policy of eliminating the union and sustaining the action of the Pittsburgh Coal Company in repudiating its contract with the United Mine Workers of America. It is public knowledge also that the Pittsburgh Terminal Coal Corporation, which refused to make an agreement with its employees after April 1, 1927, enjoyed the sustaining counsel and assistance of the Pennsylvania Railroad in this decision.

All of this activity on the part of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in conjunction with the above named coal companies, has for its purpose the destruction of the United Mine Workers of America. And the degradation of the wages of coal mine workers.

John H. Jones, head of the Bertha Consumers Company, a large coal producing corporation with mines in western Pennsylvania and West Virginia, operated his mines with union labor for thirty-seven years, under contract with the United Mine Workers of America. His company produces three and one-half million tons annually, and of this amount, according to his statement, six hundred thousand tons are sold to the General Motors Corporation. Mr. Jones called at the office of the United Mine Workers of America in June, 1927, and said: "I am prepared to sign the Jacksonville agreement, I would like to open my mines and go ahead and pay that wage, because I believe in harmonious relations between employer and employees. Yesterday I was told by the purchasing agent of General Motors that I cannot sign the contract on any basis at all, and that I must conform myself to the policies of the Pittsburgh Coal Company or they propose to ruin me."

At about the same time, bankers in Philadelphia who hold securities of the Bertha Consumers Company called Mr. Jones by long distance telephone and said they understood he was going to sign the contract, and the banking company forbade him to do so under penalty of surrendering his company to the banks that hold his paper.

Another operator named Gilmore, in the Pittsburgh field, called at the office of the United Mine Workers a short time ago and said: "I have sufficient amount of business at my disposal now to sell coal in Youngstown, Ohio, at a contract price of six dollars a ton delivered, and I can pay your wages, but my mine is located on the Montour Railroad, which is owned by the Pittsburgh Coal Company. The policies of the Pittsburgh Coal Company are dominated and controlled directly or indirectly, by the Mellon banking interests of Pittsburgh, and if I recognize your union and pay the wages I am ready to pay, they will ruin me." The Bertha Consumers Company and Mr. Gilmore went non-union, and have been operating on that basis ever since. They have evicted union miners from their homes, employed armed guards and gunmen, and adopted all of the other tactics of the Pittsburgh Coal Company.

During the years when the Pittsburgh Coal Company operated its mine with union miners and paid the union scale of wages, its average cost of production of coal was $1.89 per ton. Since it repudiated its agreement with the United Mine Workers of America and employed strike breakers, its production cost has been $3.78 per ton. These figures are taken from the reports of the Pittsburgh Coal Company. The Pittsburgh Coal Company has made three wage reductions since it repudiated its contract and adopted a non-union wage-cutting policy. The last of these was on January 10, 1928. The minimum wage now paid is $3.30 a day for outside labor and the maximum is $5.05 for inside labor.

When the Jacksonville agreement was in effect and the maximum wage rate was $7.50 a day, the mine workers were employed an average of only 160 days a year.

When these coal companies instituted their wage-cutting policy, they represented to their employees that reduced wages would enable them to sell more coal and give their employees steady employment. But the fact is their mines are now operating only half-time or less, even under their low-wage policy. This proves that cheap wages will not solve the problem of the coal industry.

In carrying out their policy of wage reductions and destruction of the United Mine Workers of America, these coal companies, under the domination of the big interstate railroads, have resorted to the most brutal methods of warfare. They employed armies of armed gunmen, recruited largely from the criminal elements of the country, and placed these men in and around their mining camps for the sole and only purpose of intimidating their employees and inflicting cruelties upon striking union miners and their families. These companies have obtained from courts, injunctions of the most amazing character, curtailing and destroying every right that is guaranteed to American citizens by the constitution. One injunction even goes so far to prohibit the United Mine Workers of America from supplying any aid of any kind to striking union miners or their families, even to avert starvation. In Pennsylvania alone, twelve thousand families of union miners have been evicted from their homes by coal companies because the miners refused to accept wage reductions. Eight thousand of these evictions have taken place in the Pittsburgh district and four thousand in central Pennsylvania. It is in the latter field that the Clearfield Bituminous Corporation, owned by the New York Central Railroad, obtained the injunction above referred to which prohibits the United Mine Workers from giving any aid to starving union miners or their families, and which also, amazing as it may sound, prohibits the union miners from assembling and singing hymns in the Magyar Presbyterian Church which happens to be near a mine of the Clearfield Bituminous Corporation.

John S. Fisher, present governor of the state of Pennsylvania, was a member of the board of directors and general counsel for the Clearfield Bituminous Corporation, but he says he resigned this connection when he assumed the office of governor. It may also be of interest to know that Mr. Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, was a member of the board of directors of the Pittsburgh Coal Company up to the time that he became Secretary of the Treasury, and his brother, Mr. R. B. Mellon, has been a member of the board of directors ever since Andrew W. Mellon resigned as a member.

The twelve thousand families above referred to were evicted and thrown out of their homes in the dead of winter. In order to take care of these unfortunate families, the United Mine Workers of America has erected in the Pittsburgh districts alone, temporary barracks or shacks that house and shelter 1,896 families. In these barracks there is a total of 4,708 rooms. The remainder of the 8,000 evicted families have been placed in other temporary places of habitation. Coal companies are still making evictions and are threatening to evict hundreds of additional families, all of whom must be cared for. It would be impossible at this time to estimate the total number of evictions that will take place or the number of barracks or rooms that must be constructed in order to supply them with temporary shelter. The general manager of Number 6 mine of the Vesta Coal Company, when asked in the name of humanity to delay the eviction of the miners' families for a day or two until temporary barracks could be completed for their use, replied: "To hell with humanity. I hope they will freeze and rot."

(Note: Mr. Johnson is one of the leading Negro officials in the United Mine Workers of America.)

A Million Dollar Ballroom

BY G. S. S.

Having danced in almost every Negro ballroom of importance in the United States, and quite a few of those catering largely to white people, I can say without hesitancy that The Savoy, located at 140th Street and Lenox Avenue, New York, N. Y., is the finest of them all.

One block long and a half of a block deep, crowded every night with people from all walks of life, it is the most orderly place of its kind I have ever visited. Not only is it orderly but it is luxurious and faultlessly clean. Indeed, the luxury of the place is almost unbelievable. One expects to find such attributes on Broadway or Fifth Avenue, but hardly so far uptown.

The dance floor is spacious and excellently cared for; the easy chairs are soft and commodious, the waiters and attendants are efficient and courteous; the music by two excellent orchestras is continuous and intriguing; decorations are modern and in good taste; lights are subdued and gorgeously shaded; the patrons are well-dressed and well-mannered.

The Savoy was erected and furnished at a cost exceeding $1,000,000 and has an annual payroll of about $250,000. All of the employes from Manager to Doorman are Negroes.

It is usually charged that dance halls lower the tone of the community and tend to encourage crime and delinquency. This may be true of some dance halls but no truthful and observant person could make any such charge against The Savoy as managed by the affable Mr. Buchanan. If I have spent one evening there I have spent fifty, and never have I seen any variation from the deportment and service I have described.

It is one of the few places in Harlem where one can take out-of-town friends and pass an enjoyable evening in congenial surroundings where roughhouse tactics are

(*Continued on page* 102)

"ALEXANDER THE GREATEST"

By J. A. ROGERS

Mighty is Destiny!

It is impossible to escape it. To paraphrase the Psalmist: Though one should make his bed in heaven or hell, though one should take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth behold it is there. Even in our moments of despondency and discouragement we may be setting in motion forces of greatest significance.

When Antoine Alexandre Davy, Marquis de la Pailleterie, tiring of life at the Court of Versailles, decided to emigrate to the West Indies, he little guessed that in burying himself there he was to add a thousand greater glories to his name; that in abandoning Europe and taking all his wealth with him he was to return with far greater treasure.

Arriving in San Domingo the marquis bought a splendid property, and then as if to burn all his bridges behind him, he chose as his wife, one, who was not only of the humblest ancestry, but at the opposite pole of color from himself, black. A year later a son was born, in color, dark very dark.

Eleven years of happy married life. The Negro marchioness, few of her rank, died. The marquis, grief-stricken, remained in the West Indies eight years longer, and decided to return to Versailles. With him was his son, Thomas Alexander, Count de la Pailleterie, now eighteen.

No sooner had the young count arrived in Paris than he began to make a name for himself. A Hercules in strength and build he was endowed with an activity and a nimbleness to match. Three years later he became the greatest swordsman in France but one, that one being also a Negro from the West Indies, the Chevalier de St. Georges, a welcome visitor at Versailles. Almost six feet six in his stocking feet, the young count could perform prodigies of strength. Lifting his right foot he would have two men stand on his calf then hop away with them on it. Later he would place the four fingers of his right hand in the barrels of four muskets and then lift them all with arm extended. On another occasion while on horseback he saw a soldier misbehaving himself, Swooping down on the man, he caught him by the back of his coat, held him at arm's length as he would a disagreeable package, and rode with him to the guard-house. Still later he was to become a warrior, so formidable, so spectacular, that had he lived in an earlier age he would be accepted only as a tradition, not a reality.

Generous, kind-hearted, but hot headed, and quick to resent insults, the young count got into many quarrels. He was forever challenging his opponents. At twenty-two he fought a duel, in which he was the victor. A year later he fought three duels in one day, in one of which he received a wound in the forehead that was later to give him much trouble. It will be seen that when his son, the great romancer, made one of his heroes, D'Artagnan, challenge three men the same day, he was not at all straying into the field of fiction. One of his many quarrels was with his father: this, however, turned out to be his making. When the marquis took another wife, the young count hotly objected, and decided to part with his father. "I have but one request, young man," said the marquis, coldly. "Do not take my name around with you to dishonor it." And the young man to show his scorn rejected his title and name, and took another that was to become illustrious for three generations, that of his mother, Dumas.

On June 2, 1786, a few days later Dumas enlisted in the Army of the Rhine as a private. Several notables of St. Germain brought suit to prevent his entry, declaring that he was a nobleman, but he was allowed to remain. Thirteen days before this suit his father died but that did not alter Dumas' plans.

At once Dumas began to distinguish himself. One day while in the mountains he was reconnoitring with four men, when he found himself cut off from them and with thirteen of the enemy about him. Spurring his horse into the midst of them he gave such lusty account of himself that the thirteen surrendered, and tying them all, Dumas led them with a single string back to camp. For this he was made regimental sergeant-major, and cited by his commander, who also invited him to dinner.

This was the period of the French Revolution. A number of free Negroes from the West Indies had come to France to offer their services to the people. They were known as "La Legion Americaine," (The American Legion), and later as "The Black Legion." At their head was the noted fencer already mentioned, the Chevalier de St. Georges.

The latter, eager to get Dumas, offered him a second lieutenancy; but the officer of a white regiment, Col. Boyer, already had his eyes on Dumas, and offered him a lieutenancy. Not to be outdone St. Georges offered him a captaincy; and, so the bidding went on until Dumas finished by being lieutenant-colonel under St. Georges. All of this from the rank of sergeant-major.

At this time an important incident happened; he met the daughter of a hotel-keeper, Marie Labouret, and as he was going off to war, he married her a few days later. Remaining two weeks with her, he went away to distinguish himself almost immediately. He and St. Georges by a brilliant dash saved Lille from the royalist sympathizer, Damouriez. In July of the following year he was named brigadier-general; September 3 of the same year, was made general; five days later he was given command of the Army of the Eastern Pyrenees; two months later he was promoted to command of the Army of the Alps; and early in the following year he was named to the third command in importance; the Army of the West. From sergeant-major to general-in-chief in less than two years.

It would be impossible to treat of the life of this adventurous giant in an article many times this length, and so a few bare details must suffice.

Dumas, a unique character like his son, was always doing something unique. One day in the Alps while reconnoitring with 14 men he learnt that two squadrons of cavalry were approaching. Instead of sharing the alarm of his men, he hid them behind a hedge saying:

"You'll laugh. It is up to you now to amuse the Austrians. Hide! Don't move! I am going to look for them. When I return let me pass and then shoot all who follow me."

Then alone he advanced to meet them.

Then this is what happened as told by D'Hautrive, in his life of General Dumas: "Taking his sword in hand he spurred his horse to a gallop and went out alone after the Austrians. At the turning he met the advance guard in the narrow path. With three sweeps of his great sword he felled the first three. Four others behind instinctively stopped their horses. He did not give them time to turn. In a second he was on them, stabbing, sabring, overturning them. Sabre strokes to the right! Sabre strokes to the left! With a blow of his fist he smashed a head. Three more strokes, three more corpses. The survivors fly in panic before this madman who seems invulnerable. Now they meet the others and return. On the ground they see several corpses, and before them a single man for all that carnage. This man awaits them a moment, allows them to approach within speaking distance, then shouts, "Bon jour, messieurs," and turning his horse's head is off at a gallop.

"Now it's your turn," he calls to the men, in the bushes.

"After him come the Austrians. A volley and the first comers drop from their horses; the others, coming on stumble over these. By this the men have reloaded. Another volley, and others fall.

"Before this invisible enemy, sheltered by the bushes from a cavalry attack, the Austrian commander gave the order to retreat. Dumas, who was not far away, had seen the new massacre, now returned to his men, and led them back safe and sound to camp."

Up to this time the National Convention had been urging him to act but Dumas was taking time to learn the nature of the ground. A few days later he did attack, winning a brilliant victory. The Convention sent the following dispatch!

"Glory to the conquerors of Mt. Cenis and Mt. St. Bernard. Glory to the invincible Army of the Alps, and those who have led them to victory. We do not know how to describe to you, dear comrades, the enthusiasm that has been created by your brilliant feat of arms. We rely upon you with the greatest confidence and upon the energy and genius of the brave General Dumas."

On another occasion, like Horatius of old, he defended the bridge at Brixen, single-handed against the enemy, winning the title of "Horatius Cocles of the Tyrol," from Napoleon. Dumas was in pursuit of the Austrians and as usual he had outdistanced his men, all but one named Dermancourt, later a general, himself. The Austrians, seeing only two men in pursuit,

stopped to defend the bridge. Dermancourt was struck down with his horse lying across him. "Having no longer to defend my own body," says Dermancourt, "I could look back in the direction of the general; he had stopped at the bridge of Brixen and was holding it alone against the whole squadron and because of the narrowness of the bridge the men could not come upon him except two or three at a time, the general sabring them as soon as they came up." Dumas killed eight of them and wounded others but he was near the end of his strength for he had received three wounds in the head, thigh, and arm; his helmet was smashed; numerous small cuts, and eight bullet holes through his clothing. Besides his horse was killed. His men came up in time to save him.

"This affair," says D'Hauterive, "resounded through the nation. The combat worthy of the heroic age brought the general the name of 'Horatio Cocles of the Tyrol.' The popular imagination was keenly stirred and medals were struck reproducing the marvellous action of a single man stopping a whole troop of cavalry." From the enemy he got the title of "Schwartz Teufel," (The Black Devil).

Soon after Dumas was transferred to Italy where he fought under Napoleon. Here again he was instrumental in winning a victory. One day a spy was brought into camp. Search as one would nothing could be found on him. Then Dumas arrived. Calling four men he ordered them to shoot the spy. The man wanted to know why. "To get at that message you have in your stomach," replied Dumas. The man confessed that he had a message hidden there; a purgative was administered, and soon was discovered a waxen bullet with a message telling just when the enemy would come to the relief of Mantua and by what path.

The result was that the French were prepared, and won a victory in which Dumas distinguished himself as usual, but Marshal Berthier, his commander and rival, did not mention him to Napoleon, upon which his men protested to the Convention.

But he was soon to come to the notice of Napoleon in a manner all his own. While pursuing the Austrians his horse was killed under him. Crawling into a valley he found a number of guns there, just as the retreating Austrians had thrown them away. With these he shot down some twenty-five of the enemy, and finally made his way back to camp on an Austrian horse. "He entered so weak and worn," says Dermancourt, "that I cried, 'General, are you wounded?'"

"'No,' he said, 'but I have killed too many, too many.' And he fainted away."

Napoleon sent him a pair of pistols made at Versailles as a souvenir and soon after sent him to capture Treviso, one of the richest of the Italian provinces. This he accomplished, and was made governor of the province, a duty that he accomplished so well that the Italians begged Napoleon to let him remain when he was to be removed. When he finally was they gave him a fine coach and horses as a present.

Dumas was a humane man, and was called in derision by his enemies: Mr. Humanity—a dangerous title in those days. Once he came perilously near getting into trouble over his tender-heartedness. Whilst in command at Bayonne the windows of his quarters overlooked the guillotine that was chopping off heads. Dumas closed his window rather than see the sight. The crowd began to taunt him: "Oh, Monsieur de l'Humanite, come to the window." On another occasion he saw a guillotine being erected and learnt that it was to chop off the heads of four men who had been accused of refusing to hand over a church bell to be melted into bullets. Dumas ordered the execution to be stopped, gave a receipt for the prisoners, and taking them outside advised them to make themselves scarce. For this he was recalled to Paris by the Convention, which was lopping off heads, but Dumas succeeded in clearing himself.

His impulsiveness and plain-speaking made him many enemies, one of which was to be his undoing. This was no less a personage than Napoleon.

Napoleon, bent on the conquest of Egypt, had taken him on the expedition there. In that hot climate with its hardships, and cut off by Nelson's victory at Aboukir, Dumas was able to see in all its stark reality, the personal ambitions of Napoleon. One day Dumas had received some very fine watermelons, and invited the other generals to his tent to partake of them. The subject of Napoleon's ambitions came up and first one and then another expressed themselves bitterly over the fact that Napoleon had brought them there. Napoleon, hearing of it placed the blame on Dumas, charging him with being chief instigator since the meeting had been in his tent. The two quarrelled bitterly, and after the victory of the Battle of the Pyramids, Dumas decided to return home. Napoleon tried his best to retain him but Dumas insisted that his wounds, particularly the one he had received years before in the duel, made it imperative for him to return.

For a brief moment, however, Dumas was again to win the favor of Napoleon. A few days later there was an insurrection of the natives and Dumas acted so decisively that it was at once quelled. "Good morning Hercules," said Napoleon, when he later met Dumas, "It is you who have beaten the hydra." Turning to his officers Napoleon said: "Gentlemen, I shall have a picture painted of the taking of the Grand Mosque. Dumas, you have already posed as the principal figure." The picture was painted but a blond cavalier was shown in Dumas' place, for Dumas had kept his decision. A few days later he left.

Landing at Tarentum in Naples he was at once made a prisoner by the Italians. Naples had changed hands unknown to him. Here he was kept a prisoner for two years while various kinds of poisons were tried on him, and where he was struck with apoplexy and paralysis of the left cheek. Then he was exchanged and returned to his wife.

Being cured he again wished to enter the army but Napoleon never forgave him. "Never mention his name to me," he said. He could not even collect the money that was due him for his two years' imprisonment although the Neapolitans soon after were made to pay a large sum to the French for the treatment of himself and other prisoners.

Four years later he died a proud but disappointed man, seeing some who had fought under him winning great wealth and honors, some of them becoming even kings. It is a significant fact that two of the most famous Negroes of this period, Dumas and Toussaint L'Ouverture, were badly treated by the great Corsican. Even after Dumas' death, Napoleon seemed to have carried his rancor against the widow for he gave orders that she was not to be permitted even to enter the gates of his palace.

But Dumas was to get his revenge. In the four years of bitterness a son the great novelist, was born to him—a son whose name was destined to dim for a time even that of the great conqueror, one that Napoleon's descendants thought it an honor to be associated with. Of this son the great Napoleon had promised to be god-father, an agreement having been made between him and Dumas one day that the Josephine was present to the effect that the first one who had a son, the other should stand god-father.

What would not the general have given to see the success of his son? As to the marquis had he lived he might not have been so proud of his son, for the latter was a republican of the republicans, and played as was seen a large part in making Republican France triumphant.

A Million Dollar Ballroom

(*Continued from page* 100)

never permitted and where rowdys are persona non grata.

Visitors to New York City should try to arrange to spend at least one evening at The Savoy. There they will get their money's worth. Indeed, it will be hard to find another place where one can have half as much fun for sixty cents.

Surrender

By Laura Tanne

The shower of your words
Covers my consciousness
Like brown leaves
Steeped in lightning.
Into every corner of night
I run to escape you.
But your heart-throbs
Are strange bells in my refuge.
In the darkness
The milk-white of your eyes
Shines on my breasts . . .
All doors are locked
But the darkening gates
Of your arms.

The Country Storm

By Ann Lawrence

'Tis storming and the trees
  Are bending low:
Thunder claps reverberate
  And lightning flashes so!

Now—It has subsided,
  Rain falls, hushed and stilled,
Moistened violets lend fragrance
  With it the air is filled.

Skies have brightened, sheep are running,
  While the glad cows, low:
In the west the sky is tinted
  And so! The bright rainbow.

THE JAMES E. SHEPARD AWARDS FOR NEGRO CHILDREN'S ART

Prize Drawings and Paintings for April, 1928

Each prize consists of a copy of "The Negro in Our History," by Carter G. Woodson, and a year's subscription to THE MESSENGER. These prizes and the total cost of conducting the contests are donated by Dr. James T. Shepard, President of the North Carolina College for Negroes, Durham, North Carolina.

Drawings and water colors to be entered in the May contest should reach the office of THE MESSENGER not later than May 1st, 1928. Any Negro boy or girl in the grammar or high school grades may enter. See the inside of the front cover for rules and regulations.

No work submitted will be returned unless accompanied by return postage.

A surprisingly large amount of excellent work was submitted for the April contest, showing conclusively that we had long expected: i.e., that there is a vast amount of undiscovered artistic talent among our boys and girls in all parts of the country.

Get busy and send in your work immediately. Work arriving too late for the May contest will be entered in June.

WATER COLOR

By MILDRED E. RIPETOE (10th Gr.)
St. Francis de Sales School
Rock Castle, Va.
Instructress: SISTER M. BRENDON

PENCIL DRAWING "THE ASCENSION"

By OCIF GOLDSBY
Lane School, Birmingham, Ala.
Teacher: W. A. TISDALE, JR.

CRAYON DRAWING "DEUCES WILD"

By FRANK COMPBELL
(Age 15)
Grade 9, Adams School
Coatesville, Pa.

DRAWING IN PENCIL WITH BLACK INK BACKGROUND
By ALFRED McGRUDER
Attucks School, Vinita, Okla.
Teacher: S. A. BLYTHE

WATER COLOR
By MONROE SPENCER (6th Gr.)
Florida Agri. & Mech. College,
Tallahassee, Fla.
Instructress: CLARENCE B. NASBY

PEN AND INK DRAWING "SKETCHING"
By
ARCHIBALD DUMAS
Sumner High School,
St. Louis, Mo.
Art Teacher: T. C. ALSTON

Note: We regret our inability to reproduce the following—

WATER COLOR "THE SWISS LAKE"
By CATHERINE SIBBS (11th Gr.)
St. Francis de Sales School
Rock Castle, Va.
Instructress: SISTER MARY XAVIER, S.B.S.

WATER COLOR
By IMELDA SORINA (12th Gr.)
St. Frances de Sales School,
Rock Cradle, Va.
Instructress: SISTER MARY XAVIER, S.B.S.

"WHITE FOLKS'S NIGGER"

By ANITA SCOTT COLEMAN

Welsh Street adored pageantry of any sort, but it relished above all, the doleful pompishness of funerals. Let there be a funeral, and a crowd was assured, for "the last sad rites" fed an insatiable hunger which lay deep within the beings of the Welsh Street people. But despite their usual prodigious attendance at all obsequies the numbers that thronged to witness the service for old uncle Dickson actually out-did itself.

Not only was Welsh Street disturbed at this funeral but the region beyond Welsh was involved, and for the nonce, the line of demarcation was wrenched asunder, all but uprooted. At a time, too long ago to remember old uncle Dickson burst the confining bonds of his surroundings and went to live with white folks. Now, he, old white-folks-nigger-Dickson, was dead. And the Balsams, the whites with whom he had lived, had brought him back to Welsh Street for burial.

"Weren't good 'nough to be buried 'mongst white folks, huh. Weren't fit to have no service for him in no white chu'ch." For in Welsh Street none believed the glib tongued white man, one of the younger Balsams, who got up in Mount Olive, the colored church with the largest membership, and announced the passing of "good old Uncle Dick." "It was," so he spoke, "Out of respects to his memory that they were bringing him back to his own people to be laid to rest."

The funeral was to be Tuesday. And the young white man had allowed how pleased he knew old Dick would be to have everybody come to the services. "Tct, tct," tongues were thrust into cheeks as young Balsam sat down. "Bringing him back, tell it Mister, for good riddance. . . . You all don't want old-nigger-Dick clutterin' up you alls grave yard. 'Cause the old fool can't work no more."

(*Continued on page* 111)

DEATH AND DIET

BY HEBA JANNATH

Food Fallacies

As gastronomy is the greatest pleasure and the most important pastime of the human race and since it occupies about one-third of our waking hours in one form or another, it is high time it ceased to be taken for granted and assumed the place it deserves among the fine arts and favored sciences. It is true that lately we have heard a great deal about what to eat but most of it has been as superficial and inexact as the so-called popular psychology that is circulated from lecture platforms and in pamphlets under guise of science. Most of us have added the words "Calory" and "Vitamine" to our vocabulary but are as hazy about the real meaning of them as we are of the Freudian Theory. It would be just as well if we had never heard of the word "Calory" for with the sedentary habits of our civilization and the ease with which food is obtained today we all eat far too many of them; the cheapest foods, white bread, sifted cornmeal, refined sugar, bacon, polished rice and macaroni abound in them, foods which if eaten together, or alone without the partial alleviation of fresh fruit, milk products and green vegetables, would in three months' time manifest disease symptoms in the healthiest person, symptoms which are known variously as pellegra, beri-beri, scurvy and rickets, according to whether it is cornmeal, rice, or white flour that is consumed, or whether you are a child or an adult. Calories have received a welcome not extended to vitamines because calories upset no one's menu nor threatened the profits of any established business. Bread merchants could unctuously, and truthfully, advertise that a pound of their precious product contained more calories than seven pounds of apples or fourteen pounds of potatoes or cabbage; therefore eat bread, gain strength and save money; and you ate bread, lost strength and paid doctor bills. But because there is usually an interval of time between the act of eating and the result in the form of sickness, the relation of the two is seldom suspected, it seems so much more logical to blame your cold on the draught you sat in last night, or your headache on overwork, eye-strain, or domestic difficulties; if it's rheumatism or Bright's disease—well, you're just unlucky or the Lord is punishing you for your sins—which you fondly believe are manifold. Now, it should be obvious that any food having the power to create disease when taken alone is dangerous food. Nevertheless, although specious food specialists will tell you in one breath that pellagra in the South is caused by a restricted diet over long periods of corn bread, bacon, molasses, sugar and coffee, in the next they will merely advise you to see that your diet is varied and includes some greenstuffs. They do not go on to tell you that the diseases you will then have—for just so long as you eat devitalized food you will suffer discomfort in some form or other—will be known as grippe, gallstone, rheumatism, high or low blood pressure, etc. That is, something slightly less direct and disgusting. But it ought not to be hard to see that what is dangerous in large quantities is in smaller quantities only just slightly less so. They probably feel that there would be no use telling you to drop these items from your menu, that it is always better psychology to add to than to subtract from if one wishes to win the public ear; that it is necessary to "pet" the patient into food reforms by leaving him part of his old habits. Still, this pussyfooting has but confused the food issue and disguised the logical basis for diet. And it seems to me that it would be better to shovel out the whole truth and say take it or leave it, if you want to die painfully by food poisoning that's your privilege but here are the facts.

We Discriminate in Our Friends, Why Not in Our Food?

People who are skeptical of every other herd idea will yet jump into the goosestep when it comes to food. They eat as their fathers ate and are proud of it! I can name a half dozen prominent skeptics who still wallow in the mud of Moronia when it comes to table habits; who constantly "fall" for "get-well-quick" schemes, who have weekly seances with their private witch-doctors, and daily perform some pill-and-plaster abracadabra. "Yes, it takes ten years to produce the simplest unicellular organism," one learned Biologist will say as he serenely swallows a "swift and sure" cure for sour stomach. Another man, who has grown rich off atheism, and weekly and monthly, holds up to ridicule the poor boobs who run to the priest with their sins and foolishly drug themselves with religion will, when he has a headache, rush to the nearest drugstore and down an asperin. And yet another who constantly satirizes the American belief in individual freedom often declares with great pride "that nothing hurts him; he can eat anything!" And then there are those hundreds and hundreds of simple souls who make this illuminating remark, "I think you should eat as your appetite dictates." As if the appetite didn't call for anything that it is accustomed to having; if it could be trusted there would be no such thing as drug addicts. And almost everyone thinks that human society is coming to a poor pass when even the harmless pleasure of eating is questioned and prohibited. However, despite all boasting to the contrary, almost every one does discriminate a little, though the basis for the discrimination is seldom scientific. This one doesn't eat watermelons or cucumbers because they give him chills; or strawberries because these give him rash; that one can't eat acid fruit because he suffers from acidosis; or tomatoes which he knows give him rheumatism. And amazing though it is there are also doctors who most gravely nourish these opinions. In drawing such conclusions the effect of an act has been mistaken for the cause which can be so easily done since an effect is always more obvious and seems therefore the more important of two phenomena. (The classic example of this method of reasoning is the "sunrise".) Fresh food like watermelons, strawberries, oranges and tomatoes are vigorous with vitamines and after a long siege of devitalized food their entry into the body disturbs the chronic state of disease which has set in and supplies the initial energy for ridding the system of it. This effort toward readjustment is mistaken for an attack. Lack of acid fruit in the diet causes acidosis but so confused is the Allopathist in his reasoning that he assumes organic fresh fruit acid to be one and the same with inorganic decompositional acid. And since fruits are unfortunately always the exception rather than the rule on our menu it is always easy to blame and prescribe them for any sudden discomfort which we may suffer.

Dead and Living Food

As we all know the earth is divided into three more or less distinct kingdoms—mineral, vegetable and animal. This trinity constitutes a circle which depends upon a contiuous exchange of material. Out of the mineral springs the plant upon which the animal feeds; plant and animal die and return to the soil—from the inanimate into the animate which can grow and reproduce

(*Continued on page* 107)

KNOW YOURSELF!

There are people who know everything about everything except their bodies.

Thousands and thousands of people know just what to wear but are ignorant of what to eat.

Many, many millions of people have one foot in the grave and they imagine they are in good health.

Millions of women strain themselves to get a new dress but will put forth no effort to get a new diet.

Countless men realize the necessity of giving their minds a rest from business but they refuse to give their stomachs a rest from poisonous foods.

We ought at least to give as much attention to our bodies as we do to our bank accounts.

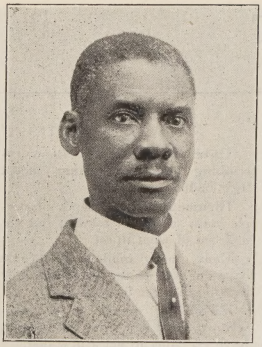
In this second article in the series on Death and Diet, you will find out many things about yourself and your diet that you never knew before. This information ought to mean thousands of dollars to you in a long life free from sickness.

Read what Miss Jannath has to say this month, and then thank us with a subscription for twelve months (Only $1.50).

There is no "Race" propaganda in these articles but they will do the race a lot of good if they are heeded.

The Editors.

THE AFRAMERICAN ACADEMY



WALLACE A. BATTLE

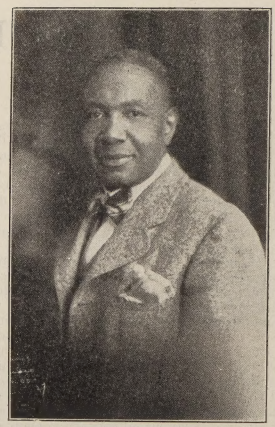
Recently elected the Field Secretary of the American Church Institute for Negroes and the first Negro ever to hold a place on the general staff of the Protestant Episcopal Church, this gentleman is best known as founder and for twenty-five years President of Okolona Industrial Institute, a school now valued at $250,000. He is a graduate of Talladega and Berea Colleges. He is a powerful speaker and has addressed assemblages at New York and Yale Universities and at the General Conventions of his church. There are ten schools in eight Southern states largely under his supervision. Because one of his teachers was ruthlessly murdered by white Christians in Okolona, he resigned the presidency of his school in July, 1927. He was born in Hurtsboro, Ala., and lives in the suburbs of New York City.

CLARENCE WILLIAMS

From a piano player in a New Orleans wine room to the head of the largest Negro music publishing firm in the United States, and one of the most famous song writers of the day, such is Clarence Williams, who started life as a tailor and now contributes greatly to the gaiety of the nation. His phonograph records sell readily and in the thousands. His principal hits are "Brown Skin Who You For," "Ain't Going to Give Nobody None of This Jelly Roll," "You're Some Pretty Baby," "Royal Garden Blues," "Got to Cool My Doggies Now," "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate," "If You Don't Believe I Love You," "Sugar Blues," "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home," "Everybody Loves My Baby," "Seniorita Mine," "Squeeze Me," "I've Found a New Baby," "Bottomland," and many others. He has a large office on Broadway, New York City.

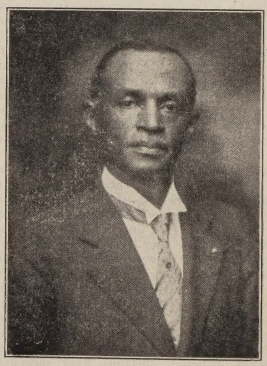
MIDIAN OTHELLO BOUSFIELD

Born in Tipton, Mo., and graduated from the State University of Kansas and the Northwestern University School of Medicine, he is best known as the President of the Liberty Life Insurance Company, Chicago, Ill., which has a paid-up capital of $175,000, $11,000,000 of insurance in force and assets of over $600,000. In working his way up he has been a barber, waiter and porter. In 1915 he became Secretary of the Railway Men's Association, a position he held for five years, during which time he increased the membership from 250 to 10,000. He spent one year in Brazil, returning in 1911. He is a member of several medical and fraternal organizations and a director in many clubs and business and social institutions. He lives in Chicago, Ill.



SALEM TUTT WHITNEY

The senior member of the team of Whitney and Tutt, two of the best known show men of the race. He was born in Logansport, Ind., and left college to go on the stage. He first studied for the ministry, but after careful observation of the brothers of the cloth, he decided to become an actor. He has written all of his shows and many sketches for some of our leading vaudeville artists. In all he has written 25 musical comedies, 50 tabloids, 100 sketches, 300 poems and 50 song numbers. His best known shows were "The Mayor of Newtown," "George Washington Bullion Abroad," "My People," "Darkest Americans," "Children of the Sun," "Bamboula," "Up and Down," "Oh Joy," and "North Ain't South." He is also the author of "Mellow Musings."



JAMES EDWARD SHEPARD

President of the North Carolina College for Negroes and one of the founders of the Durham Conference, Dr. Shepard has had a most interesting career. He is a graduate of Shaw University, Muskingum College (Ohio), and Selma University. He has served as Comparer of Deeds, Recorder's Office, Washington, D. C., 1898; Deputy Collector, United States Internal Revenue, Raleigh, N. C., 1899-1905; Field Superintendent, International Sunday School Association, 1905-1909; President, National Training School, Durham, N. C., 1910-1923; Durham State Normal School, 1923-1925. Since then he has held his present position. He is director of many financial, fraternal and educational endeavors, and has traveled extensively abroad. Recently he sponsored, through "The Messenger," children's art awards to stimulate the artistic bent in Negro children throughout the country. He lives in Durham, N. C.

Death and Diet

(*Continued from page* 105)

itself back to that which is relatively dead. Though there are certain rare plants that feed upon animals such as the Flytrap, and certain low forms of animal life like bacteria and mollusks that can absorb inorganic minerals these are rather like exceptions while the rule seems to be an orderly procession from the inorganic to the organic and back. This simple fact if remembered will clear up all of our vagueness about food reform. Animals that feed upon one another do not upset our theory the whole point of which is merely that the more complex animals cannot obtain their minerals except via the plant route. Despite many advertised tonics to the contrary, iron, iodine and salt cannot safely be assimilated in their pure state but must be culled indirectly through the consumption of food like lettuce, oysters, celery, etc., that have extracted these elements from the soil and water about them. Tissue decay which we call sickness is the beginning of our return to the soil; a cell that is dead belongs to the mineral kingdom. The more of these dead cells that we possess the nearer to the grave are we. Now, it has probably been noted by almost everyone that animals in their natural state are seldom if ever ill; that only those fed and domesticated by man such as fowls, swine, sheep, cattle, dogs, cats, circus and zoo animals, and those small beasts such as rats and mice that prey upon civilized kitchens, are given to manifesting any very alarming disease symptoms. And whenever wild animals do display illness it can always be attributed to a curtailment of green stuffs in their diet by drought or fire. Sifting the situation we will see that the one great difference between the living habits of civilized men and beasts and their wild contemporaries is that the latter eat their food in a raw state and the former eat theirs prepared. And in exact ratio as the quantity of prepared food consumed increases so does the disease of that group mount. There is less sickness among domesticated fowl than say their keepers because the fowl, though they may be fed cornmeal mush and table slop, nevertheless, forage the major part of their menu from living plants and insects. Sheep are more healthy than hogs, and cats more healthy than dogs, for the same reason. Hogs are fattened on table slop; dogs more than cats are restricted to the human diet. The public has been out thousands of dollars on zoo animals because the disease-engendering power of prepared food was not understood. As long as monkeys are fed on bananas and raw nuts and tubers they will prosper but let roasted peanuts, candy and bread-scraps form the basis of their diet and the time and money spent capturing them is wasted; that is why we now have signs throughout the zoo prohibiting indiscriminate feeding of the wild animals. I have a relative who owns two expensive French poodles who are always in a disgusting state of ill-health. No sooner do they recover from the mange than they manifest a cold; they sneeze, their ears and eyes and nose run and they are chronically constipated. I observed that they were fed entirely upon cooked rations, —dog biscuits, roast beef, mashed potatoes and gravy, and suggested a change to raw meat, the natural diet of the wild dog. But these were *civilized* dogs I was severely rebuked. She was right. For if there is one thing which most distinguishes and characterizes civilization it is disease. A visiting Martian would find this test the easiest way of differentiating the species of the Earth; and even in the human family the advance of civilization agrees exactly with the decline in health. Among the Eskimos disease was almost unknown until they began to trade their pelts for candy, coffee and canned goods and with the consumption of such food sickness rose at such an alarming rate that it caused a panic on the Fur Frontier. Because the facts of the case were so plain and incontrovertable the Government passed a law against the unscrupulous barter of prepared food stuffs in the far north. It was also found that Eskimos who with their migration to the city to work in the Fisheries had substituted cooked for raw salmon—their accustomed diet—quickly degenerated. The Government again sensibly insisted that they return to their natural table habits. The same swift ravage by disease was likewise observed among the South Sea Islanders when they first came in contact with civilized food stuffs. And it isn't that we, who have lived all our lives on such food, are more immune to its evils; it is rather that the healthier the body the more violent is the reaction to sudden abuse. The first indulgence in tobacco causes vomiting. The initial drink of alcohol produces almost instant drunkenness. The more we abuse ourselves the less vitality have we to resist it. When a man is first hit he strikes back. Keep on hitting him and he passively submits. But his submission does not testify that he goes uninjured, only that he is too weak to reply.

The Awful Truth

The thing which Man has most disliked to admit, and gone to the greatest trouble to evade in his long career, is that he is an animal. He has built magnificent mythologies to prove himself to be a distinct creation. Yet the fact remains that the same thing that will kill a dog will kill a man. To be healthy we must return to a wild animal diet, however ridiculous this may appear to those who wear spectacles and spats; however immoral it may seem to those who believe in Genesis and Germs. A change of habit is the most disagreeable thing one can possibly suggest. To mention its necessity is the quickest way in the world to go unheard. Above everything the conscious mind fears change. Any act that has been apparently successful enters into our mental fabric as pleasant and friendly and to discredit it is comparable to betraying a comrade. That is why hypnotism is used in the cure of drug and liquor habits. But however absurd and distasteful raw food may seem at first glance, or how impractical, the world is coming around to it gradually. Orange juice can be bought on the street corners where five years ago only soda pop was sold; raisins are now put up like sweetmeats in small boxes; raw salads already form a large part of our menu.

We Carrion-Eaters

All cooked food is dead food. Then, characterized by diet, we are today all carrion-eaters in a class with the buzzard, the jackal and the fly. The difference being that our victuals are deader. When our co-eaters the buzzard and the jackal sit down to a banquet it is only on the way to being really dead. A two-day dead cow is really still alive and in a robust condition, paradoxical as it may seem, to a thoroughly baked loaf of refined wheat bread, or a fowl roasted two hours. The infant fly does not eat the dead flesh as it is but changes it into liquid form by certain chemical secretions and then absorbs it—endosmosic—and the maggot is one of the lowest forms of animal life. It could perhaps be deducted from this that only as we approach the vegetable kingdom is inanimate food safely or naturally assimilable. So deep is the instinct to eat living food that the first thing an animal or insect does when it feels the proximity of an enemy is to freeze; that is to simulate death. It is well known that most animals only attack a creature that is moving and displaying signs of life. Many insects in storing food for their young—wasps, for instance—do not kill their prey outright but inject what may be termed a sleeping potion which keeps it alive and sweet till the time when newborn pupae awake to attack it. All of this may seem very coarse and repulsive to those who ignore their relationship to the rest of nature but one cannot by a hair's breath escape the penalties of such snobbery.

Varying Degrees of Death

The temperature of heat, to which you subject your food in its preparation, or the poignancy of the acid in which you soak it, determines its state of death. And in exact proportion its capacity to retain you in your health. For which reason rare meat is better than that which is well done; a one-minute egg better than a three minute one. Only food that contains vitamines—that is "alive" —is safe. For the same reason that a human being cannot survive boiling or baking neither can a vitamine. It should be recalled in connection with this that plant and animal life only appeared upon the earth when its surface had partially cooled. You can hold up the decomposition of food by chilling it but cooking decomposes living tissue more quickly than natural death. There are six known vitamines and are called respectively vitamine A, B, C, D, E and F; some foods contain one, some several. Lettuce, oranges, tomatoes, blood and loganberries contain two or more. Starchy foods on the whole have but one. Which is just another way of saying that some foods are more wholly nutritious than others. However, we can live more healthily on any one raw food item than on any elaborate but entirely cooked diet. It is due to the raw or nearly raw food that creeps accidentlly into our menu that we owe what health we do enjoy. Cattle men know the experience of burning out their herds on cottonseed meal which is a cooked product comparable to white flour. In feeding market steers they find cottonseed cake and meal a quick and profitable fattener for a few months but if the cattle are not shipped at the proper moment they swiftly lose weight and deteriorate. Milk cows fed long upon it become anaemic. So if you want to feel and look well, if you dislike being a walking corpse; if you wish to prevent your vital organs from literally rotting away inside you, dispense as much as possible with your cookstove. Get the Salad Habit. Eat fresh fruit instead of canned. Dried fruits instead of sweetmeats. Don't buy

(*Continued on page* 118)

EDITORIALS

UNABLE to hinder the organization of the Pullman porters and maids, enemies of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters have resorted to a new tactic. They now claim that the Brotherhood can get a settlement with the Pullman Company; that the Pullman Company is ready to negotiate with the union, if A. Philip Randolph, the General Organizer, will only resign. The contention is that the Pullman Company and American capitalists generally will not deal with Socialists or radicals, and that consequently the issues between the Pullman Company and the porters and maids cannot be settled while Mr. Randolph heads the Brotherhood.

Greeks Bearing Gifts

This is an old dodge with which everyone acquainted with labor history in this country is familiar. When unable to break up a union, American capitalists invariably seek to eliminate the leader of the union. The claim that they will deal with the union after the leader is gone is only a smoke screen, an opiate. The claim is so obviously insincere that organized labor is seldom taken in by it. Union men reason quite correctly that wages, hours of labor and conditions surrounding the workers on their jobs are the real points at issue and not who is leading the union. Capitalists know that if they can get rid of the union leaders who are familiar with the facts and cognizant of all the sharp practices and artifices of the capitalists it will then be much easier to destroy the union.

American or any other capitalists will deal with anybody possessing power or backed by it. There are numerous labor organizations in the country headed by Socialists and radicals with whom capitalists have and are making agreements every year. When these agreements are made it is understood that they are being made not between individuals but between organizations. Of course, the labor leaders are "outsiders," and if they were not "outsiders" they would be as soon as the capitalists learned their identity. But "outsiders" are the heads of the capitalist organizations with which the workers have to deal. President Carry of the Pullman Company, his lawyers and the company propagandists are all "outsiders" so far as doing any work on the Pullman cars is concerned. But the Brotherhood is not concerned with who heads the Pullman Company and whether they are Socialists, Democrats, Catholics or Rotarians.

This is just another case of Greeks bearing gifts. The bait of settlement is held out by the Pullman Company in an effort to persuade the porters to weaken themselves by getting rid of the only people who can cope with the smart lawyers hired by the Company. Some Negroes, whom one might charitably dub innocent or ignorant (which is the same thing) have been taken in by this Pullman propaganda; but the members of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters are not fooled. And after all that's what counts. This is the fight of the Pullman porters and maids. If the Brotherhood wins or loses, it will not be due to the activities of Pullman Company agitators and weak-kneed Negro "friends," but because of the degree of loyalty and support of its members. So long as the members of the union hold fast, fight on and maintain their organization, they have nothing to fear as to the final outcome of the struggle.

FOR the past eight or ten years considerable emphasis has been laid by Negro leaders on the possibility of solving the problem of the Negro in America by the building up of Negro business. It has been held that since the Negro is hanging precariously on the fringes of national industry and commerce, the only way to save the race economically is to establish a little Negro economy inside the larger national economy. While *The Messenger* has long recognized the precarious situation confronting the Negro worker who must attempt to maintain an American standard of living with a grossly inadequate income with which to do it, we cannot see that building up a little jim crow group economy along capitalistic lines would greatly benefit him, even if it were possible.

Consumers' Co-operation

But it isn't possible. Hampered by lack of capital confronted by trusts, chains, syndicates and cartels Negro business is rapidly losing ground except in the field of insurance and cosmetics. This condition is not due to color but due to the fact that Negro business is small business, and the day of small business is doomed. The only way small businesses can survive nowadays is by organizing themselves into combines with other small businesses. In other words, the only way a small business can succeed for long in the United States today is by becoming a part of a large business. But since big business has not proved beneficial to the masses of workers at large, how can we expect Negro big business to become beneficial to the masses of Negro workers? After 100 years of intensive industrial expansion and accumulation of wealth, over three-quarters of the population in this country today owns no more than five per cent of the national wealth. White workers are still being paid, in the main, starvation wages, the need for charity is greater than ever and workers are being thrown on the scrap heap at earlier and earlier ages.

The Messenger has been very fair to Negro business. For the past 18 months it has carried a department of accurate information as to its activities and progress. It has carried a score of articles on every phase of Negro business from farming to manufacture. Two entire issues have been devoted to telling just what Negro business is doing or was doing at the time. No other publication in the United States has given as much attention to the economic life of the race, and this was done because we realized eleven years ago that all other phases of the so-called race problem was predicated upon it.

But we have not been unaware that Negro business has sharp limitations, being large restricted to the lines of endeavor mentioned above for the reasons set forth. So far as the Negro worker is concerned, the only way he can extricate himself from his present dilemma is through consumers' co-operative enterprises such as have proved so successful abroad. Living largely in segregated areas, proscribed because of color, forced into a group solidarity, the Negro is admirably suited to this form of economic organization. With the requisite brains and determination, the Aframerican can solve his economic problem in this matter. It is a democratic method and has the added value of benefiting all of the Negroes rather than a few. Organized for service rather than profit, it can flourish alongside capitalist organizations without fear of their competition becoming ruinous. It behooves Negroes to bestir themselves and investigate the merits and methods of consumers' co-operation. The Co-operative League of America, 167 West 12th Street, New York City, will gladly furnish information.

CRAFT unionism is finding it increasingly difficult to hold the fort against the onslaughts of militant big business in the struggle for more wages, shorter hours and better working conditions. Why? Because the methods of production are continually undergoing changes. Work that was formerly done by hand is now done by machine. Efficiency is speeding up work, eliminating workers and rendering a high degree of skill unnecessary. Workers who twenty years ago would have been doing careful work with some simple tool, are now pulling levers and pushing buttons. These changes have come so rapidly that they have left the old-fashioned trade union leadership hopelessly in the rear. Many of these moss-backed leaders do not understand at all the changes that are taking place. Instead of reorganizing their ranks to better enable their members to withhold the ground gained, they have wasted

Industrial Unionism

time and impaired labor morals by indulging in ruinous jurisdictional quarrels. They constantly bickered over whether a plasterer should drive certain nails or leave them to carpenters and whether certain work formerly done altogether by one craft should now be done by another.

The employers are organized industrially and if labor is to hold its own it must do likewise. The modern industry is organized under one management from raw materials to finished product, but the workers in that industry, when organized at all, are divided into a dozen craft unions, when there should be but one union for each industry regardless of the sort of work the employees perform. Unless labor changes its tactics very quickly it will find its position in this country more and more precarious as new machinery and new production methods come more and more into use.

The National Skeleton

THE color problem is the great skeleton in our national closet. Just as a great conflict was once fought over a minority of black folks, so another may be fought because of the effort on the one hand to obtain for them citizenship rights and on the other hand to keep them from getting these rights. Where once the struggle was localized it has now spread the length and breadth of the country. Discrimination because of color is everywhere, so is segregation and industrial jim crowism. It is as hard to find an area free of race prejudice in America as it is to find a Klansman in the Vatican. Whereas the protoganists of racial integrity and white supremacy formerly carried on their propaganda with a certain apologetic attitude, they are now blatantly militant. Hardly a day goes by but the public prints tell of a scurrilous speech being delivered against Negroes by peanut politicians or an effort somewhere to subject the race to irritating segregation. While the Ku Klux Klan may be dead its soul goes marching on.

Inevitably Americans are being marshalled into two camps on this question of the Negro. It will be recalled that when agitation against chattel slavery started in this country the abolitionists represented only a very small minority, but by 1860 their number was legion. More and more today public men are finding it increasingly necessary to state their position on the Negro and his rights in no uncertain terms. All such men have their followers who go the way their leaders go without examining too closely the reasons for doing so. Personal liberty and religious tolerance is the cry under which the liberals are mobilizing, but without openly exposing themselves to the charge of hypocrisy, they must needs include civil rights for Negroes. The immediate cause of the coming conflict may be some passing incident remote from the Negro but effective nevertheless, in aligning the nation in two hostile camps. It is not at all unlikely that the major issue confronting the country in the Presidential campaign of 1932 will be the Negro and his citizenship rights camouflaged as it may be by other less important issues.

The Candidates

AT this writing it looks as if Hoover and Smith are to be the nominees of the Republican and Democratic parties, respectively, in the coming Presidential election. Both are men of great ability and both are friendly to the Negro. Neither one, however, can do much, of anything, to alter the status of the Negro, if elected. If Hoover gets in it will not make a particle of difference to the eight million Negroes in the South, even if he is a Republican. The Grand Old Party in its eight years of rule has done nothing toward enforcing the 14th and 15th Amendments, to say nothing of the 1st, and there is no reason for believing that the Democrats will do otherwise if they get into office. The Klan controls Alabama, which is Democratic, and it also controls Indiana, which is Republican.

From the point of view of the workingman, Smith has the better record because of the social legislation he has sponsored. Hoover, on the other hand, has never been anything but a close friend of Big Business, and at this writing Andrew Mellon, the plutocratic Secretary of the Treasury whose enterprises help to exploit Negro labor in Pennsylvania, is giving Hoover a clean bill of health. If Herbert Hoover possesses a sympathetic attitude toward the working class and its aspirations he has kept it carefully concealed.

Alfred E. Smith is a Catholic. Fundamentalists and Protestant bigots have asserted that no Catholic can become President of the United States. Because of his religious faith, then, the Governor of New York will lose many thousands of votes in the Bible Belt where anti-Catholicism flourishes along with colorphobia and a large number of other prejudices. Since it is immaterial to the Negro workers which party gets into office, it would be striking a severe blow at intolerance, prejudice and bigotry if Negroes should help send this Catholic gentleman to the White House. Whatever sins may be charged against the Catholics it cannot be said that in this country they have aligned themselves with the Negro baiters and lynchers. *The Messenger* believes that a Catholic President and a mixed cabinet of Jews, Atheists, Negroes and Indians, would be an excellent thing for the soul of America.

HARLEM—EASTER

Joyworn
From cabaret
And ginhouse
They pour into the darkness
Before the dawn. . . .
"Babe it's Easter morn!"

A breeze sod-scented
Off the back of St. Nicholas Park
Stirs the shadows of the street
Between the chasms of stone and steel
Peeps the dusky cat-eyed sky. . . .
"Hun, I can't go in alone!"
Couples quietly slipping
Thru dimlit doors.

A moon
Swollen and red
With mid-spring mists
Softly laughs
And buries its face
In an ebony river.

Thru the apricot dawn
Church chimes sing
Clear as dew drops shaken from a twig
Calling to the pious. . . .
Milk wagons pass
And a robin strutting on a bronze lamp post
Carols a rival song.

Some at the Cross
Of Christ
And some at the Circle
Of Ceres kneel
But the prayer they whisper
Is one. . . .
Crowds
Drift like bright bouquets
Down sunlit Seventh Avenue
Subtle-shaded dandies
To the manner born
Swing their canes and stroll
With gracious gay-gowned girls
Of black, and brown, and cream
"My Sweet, it's Easter morn!"

HEBA JANNATH.

Business & Industry

Compiled by GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

The Cooperative Training School of the Eastern States Cooperative League, 167 West 12th Street, New York, N. Y., announces a six-week course for the training of cooperative employees, April 30th to June 9th. Courses will be given in the History and Principles of Consumers Cooperation; Cooperative Bookkeeping, Problems of Cooperative Organization, Administration and Management. Lectures will be delivered by the foremost cooperators in the United States and there will be trips to the cooperative institutions in New York and vicinity. The tuition fee will be very low and there will be a few free scholarships. Full information will be given at the above mentioned address. Write at once. Consumers Cooperation is the only real hope of the Negro masses in this country.

The Citizens' Life Insurance Corporation, a recently organized institution, was licensed to do business in Indiana on February 29th. The home office of the company will be in Indianapolis, Ind.

The Edholm and Sherman Laundry, a white concern in Omaha, Neb., has started to employ Negro workers.

A Junior Business League has been organized in Oklahoma City, Okla., by J. E. Johnson of the Century Life Insurance Company.

The Biltmore Hotel, a $150,000 structure in Durham, N. C., has just opened its doors. It is owned by the well known Dr. Clyde Donnell, and is managed by Mr. Atlas Barbee.

The Douglas Life Insurance Company of New Orleans, La., announces that it will shortly erect a new office building at the corner of Dryades and Jackson Avenues.

The Wage Earners' Savings Bank, a hitherto staunch financial institution in Savannah, Ga., recently closed its doors. Frozen assets and recent heavy withdrawals are reported to be the cause of the failure. It is a sad blow to the Negroes of Savannah who were very proud of the institution.

Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover recently endorsed the move for a survey of Negro business being sponsored and conducted by the National Negro Business League.

The Independent National Funeral Directors Association, composed of eighteen state and district associations, will hold its annual confab in Birmingham, Ala., May 21-23, 1928. A side trip will be made to Tuskegee by the delegates. There are three thousand Negro funeral directors, six casket factories owned and operated by Negroes, two concerns manufacturing embalming fluids and accessories, and one trade journal owned and published by the dark morticians.

The traveling representatives of the Mme. C. J. Walker Mfg. Company, recently held a conference with the company executives in the new Walker Building in Indianapolis, Ind.

The Independent Order of Saint Luke, Richmond, Va., one of the strongest fraternals in the Negro group, announces that it is changing its insurance plan from a fraternal to a standard legal reserve system. The organization now has $9,000,000 of fraternal insurance in force on the lives of 100,000 Negro women, men and children. Mrs. Maggie L. Walker heads the organization.

Under the guidance of State Agent William L. Fitzgerald, prominent real estate and insurance man of Baltimore, Md., the Bankers Fire Insurance Company of Durham, N. C., is making rapid headway in the state of Maryland.

According to O. O. McIntyre, the noted columinst, a young Negro is conducting a lucrative business at St. Moritz, Switzerland, as expert sharpener of skates. His business required him to master four languages.

The new $100,000 branch office building of the Supreme Life Insurance Company of Columbus, Ohio, in Cincinnati, O., has recently been completed. The land was bought from a Negro through a Negro real estate agent; the plans were drawn by a Negro architect who also supervised the construction, and the money expended was checked through the First Standard Bank of Louisville, Ky., a Negro concern. Most of the labor employed was Negro.

Mr. R. H. Rutherford, President of the National Benefit Life Insurance Company of Washington, D. C., recently announced that his company had completed arrangements to loan $55,000 to the Wheeling (W. Va.) Pythian Association to erect a modern office building in the heart of the city. The Kansas City Call, live weekly newspaper, located in Kansas City, Mo., has recently purchased a Goss high speed press in order to better serve its growing thousands of readers. The press will print 24,000 papers an hour. The Call's new equipment makes it second only to the Chicago Defender in this respect.

The Nugen Catlett Company, a Negro concern, which is operating the only Negro-owned department store in Cleveland, Ohio, reports that it is doing good business.

Negro hotel owners and proprietors recently met in Cleveland, Ohio, and formulated plans for the organization of a national hotel association. Thirty hotel owners have announced their intention to become members of the organization.

From Cincinnati, Ohio, come reports of the founding of the Eureka Film Corporation, composed of white and black citizens. Dr. Thomas V. Fitzpatrick of Cincinnati, Ohio, is president. Among the directors are two Negroes: W. P. Dabney. brilliant editor of the Union, and A. A. Schomburg, head of the American Negro Academy. The company has acquired a 28-acre studio site in Cincinnati, Ohio, and a 30-acre tract in Albuquerque, N. M. It will produce motion pictures with and about Negroes.

According to the United States Employment Service there is likelihood of a substantial increase in employment within the next few weeks.

The Michigan State Automobile School is reported to be enrolling Negroes in its classes in aviation.

In Riverside, Calif., a Negro syndicate has purchased the exclusive Ridge Country Club, which has a luxurious club house and extensive golf links. It is open to whites and blacks. The latter feature will probably end in its being closed by the police, those staunch advocates of racial integrity.

The Carey Neighborhood Grocery, Omaha, Neb., has purchased two new buildings at a cost of $8,000.

Negro insurance men and bankers recently met in Columbus, Ohio.

Oscar L. Polk, representative of the National Benefit Life Insurance Company in Houston, Texas, recently wrote two group insurance policies aggregating $1,000,000. The two organizations were International Longshoremen's Association No. 871, Houston, Texas, and International Longshoremen's Union No. 851, Galveston, Texas.

The South Center Department Store in Chicago employs 40 Negroes out of a total of 100 employees. Negroes occupy such positions as salesmen, clerks, board operators, assistant to manager, receiving clerks and window trimmers.

The Yellow Cab Company in Los Angeles, Calif., has put a Negro girl, Miss Elsie Grass, in charge of one of their branch offices. This company employs 39 Negroes on the West Coast.

The Ford Automobile Plant in Atlanta, Ga., refuses to employ Negroes to do anything in their plant. Colored folk are told "No Negroes will be employed here. There are too many white folks out of work." And some people say the capitalists are our best friends!

Because they resented reports that they were to be displaced by girls, waiters (Negroes) employed in the Virginia Dare Hotel, Elizabeth City, N. C., went on strike. They were replaced with students from a Negro school nearby, thus demonstrating the extreme value of modern education.

Mr. Arnet C. Lindsay, graduate of Howard University, has been selected to become manager of the People's Finance Corporation of St. Louis, Mo.

In Los Angeles, Calif., the White Way Cleaning and Dyeing Company, headed by W. J. Fairchild, has started business with a plant and equipment valued at $30,000.

The National Negro Business League will hold its 29th Annual Session in New York, N. Y., August 15-17, 1928.

"White Folk's Nigger"

(*Continued from page* 104)

As it were, the service was not held in any church. Old Uncle Dickson had never been converted. He had never professed any religion, and therefore he could not look for peace in death or hope for redemption at the judgment. Such a death as his was a fire-brand to throw in the midst of sinners. It was an opportunity that had to be used, so the pious ones, the staunch old members of every church in Welsh Street, came forward and refused to allow the body of this "dead-and-done-for-sinner" to be brought into the church.

However, old Uncle Dickson was a lodge member in good standing. Throughout the thirty years that he had spent on alien soil, he had trudged dutifully back to Welsh Street, twice a month, to attend meetings. And the doors of the Masonic hall were thrown open for the service to be held there.

Tuesday came, and all preparations for old Uncle Dick's funeral had been made. Since one o'clock that afternoon, Welsh Street had been like a spreading fan. Men in solemn black, and women, in complacent disregard of solemnity, decked in clashing hues of every known shade and coloring, and children in wide-eyed, Sabbath-day splendor poured down the flutes of the fan and disappeared as though with the closing of the fan into Masonic hall.

The first arrivals from Welsh Street found something there. That which had brought them, drawn them, as a magnet does steel, death, lay in the long coffin that stretched across the isle diffusing an icy breath. The oppressiveness of the stillness of death hung over everything. However, having lured them here from far and wide, from every nook and corner of Welsh Street, death straightway lost its power to attract. Life claimed the living, and white eyes in dark faces widened with expectation of receiving some scant mead of excitement from life. Suddenly, sobs long and stifled uttered by some one exhausted with crying, beat into the stillness. Instantly, all were alert. Certainly, no such demonstration of grief had been looked for, for who should weep for old-white-folk's-nigger-Dickson? Necks were craned, and eyes searched. Who could the mourner be? Discovery followed closely. "Huh, that there white girl."

Whites were there in plenty. Friends of the Balsams, they were, and inconvertly, Uncle Dick's friends, too. As if an unseen cordon had been drawn, the blacks drew to one side of the house, the whites to the other, until with the impact of many bodies a dividing line was made as neatly as though with a surgeon's knife. While up in front, old Dickson, rigid in the chill embrace of death, lay in his coffin which stretched in almost equal proportions on either side of the separating space, as though testifying to the levelling hands of death. Even now, the whites and blacks were mingling in a closer bond than could have been permissable upon any other occasion.

None expected the air of hushed bereavement which fell upon them after entering the hall. The sobbing, stifled and prolonged, made it seem so; it was alive with grief. And they came racking from the delicate throat of the sixteen year old daughter of the house, the most prized and the best tended shoot of the Balsam tree.

After the first startled glances, the whites began to whisper one to the other. "He nursed her from her infancy," they said. "He was as faithful as an old dog," they murmured. "Though, really, I think her mother should have prevented such an attachment," they emphasized. "The child hasn't an iota of self-restraint, it's disgusting," they criticised. Having made their remarks, the whites retreated within themselves like turtles into their shells, and sat bolt upright in their places, staring.

The blacks grew self-conscious. Disgust and satisfaction—hops and sugar—seemed to swell them up. "Humph," their unspoken grunts permeated the silence that was broken only by terrible sobs. "Took care of her from the day she was born. Given her every single thing he could beg, borrow, or steal. Forsaken everybody he'd ever known for them white folks. 'Deed they oughter spill some tears. I 'spects though, they's thinking 'bout nothin' but the work he can't do no more." Wooly heads shaken dolefully bespoke derision far more than sorrow.

When it appeared that no more people could possibly enter the hall, the service began. A fat black man arose ponderously and stood up in front, but by no means beside the coffin, that and what lay within it was an example. The discourse which he was about to deliver would prove with finality the bitter end of all sinners. He lifted his plump fat hands, and spread out his fingers as one about to play the pianoforte. He grimaced; he opened his mouth wide; he pursed his lips, after which he opened his mouth as wide as he could, which was not a little, then drew his lips together to that degree which allowed his voice to issue forth in sputtering tones. Sputteringly, he read from the Scriptures:

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and be baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." Closing his book with a thud, he smacked his lips, spread his fingers, pivoted upon his toes, clasped his hands before him, and stood for a moment, looking towards Elinor Balsam whose sobbing made a hollow accompaniment for his words.

Even though every eye was upon him, his utterance sputtered forth unexpectantly; he launched into it without any further preliminaries:

"Brothers and sisters, death, the grim old reaper, done laid our friend and brother, Amos Dickson, low, so low. He's dead; brothers and sisters, he's dead. Yes indeed, he's dead now, but God done let him stand 'til hoar frost done covered his head. 'Til old-man-wrinkles done covered his face. 'Til the winds of sorrow and the storms of trials done give him a stoop. . . . Now brothers and sisters what you alls reckon God done let him stand for, yes sir, stand up all these long years, right up on his two feet, what you all reckons God done let him stand up for?" He paused for a second or more, gazing earnestly into the uplifted faces before him.

Reverend "Ah Lords" greeted his questioning.

"Brothers and sisters" resumed the speaker, "I don't needs to ask you what God done let him stand here so long for. The Christians in this here house, knows, and the sinners needs to find out. I wish I could stand up here before you alls and say that our brother Amos Dickson has gone to meet my Jesus. But, Oh Lord, oh Lord, oh Lord, I can't." He chanted dolorously while casting curious white-eyed glances at his white audience. "Brothers and sisters," he took up his discourse in confidential tones, "let me tells you, if you make your bed in hell, you got'er lay there. Now we alls know that this sinner man never took time to find Jesus." Loud fervent intonations of "Have mercy muy Jesus" drowned out his voice. He waited patiently while the noise subsided. Resuming his speech in a yet more intimate way, he continued: "Did this sinner man ever get himself buried in the liquid grave? I'm just asking you Christians so these here sinner folks in this house can hear me." He announced with dramatic emphasis, and deliberately leaned his weight against the wall, and waited. No other sound was made save Elinor Balsam's sobbing. The Negroes began to sway as the silence grew into minutes, and presently mumbling voices calling upon the Lord for mercy fluttered upwards to surround the preacher with the desired atmosphere.

Suddenly he swayed away from the supporting wall and shouted in a great booming voice that no longer spluttered. "Then I wants to know, brothers and sisters, how's he going to be saved? This sinner man what use'ter be our friend and our brother ain't with us no more, and he ain't with the Lord. He's with that old man, the devil, who's always a-hankerin' for sinners to come live with him. Let me tells you sinners what's in this here house under the sound of my voice, if you don't hurry and join the band here on earth, you sure won't get no chance to join it in heaven. Yes, indeed, you alls will be footloose like you alls craves to be, but you will be footloose in hell. I reckon, sinners don't ever stop to study 'bout what they goin'er find waitin' for 'em in hell. I guess, they don't ever study 'bout the red hot rods that's down there waiting to lash 'em, and the red hot ashes what's waiting to make 'em a bed, and the boiling fish-oil what's waiting for 'em to drink. I guess they don't study 'bout it not being no bread down there for 'em to eat,

(*Continued on page* 114)

AN UNFORTUNATE OMISSION

In the April Number we carried an excellent story entitled "G'Long Old White Man's Gal," not mentioning the author's name. In the absence of Mr. Schuyler and the rush accompanying the final reading of proof, this omission was overlooked, and after the magazine was printed the error could not be rectified.

The story was written by Mrs. Anita Scott Coleman, 5402 Hooper Avenuue, Los Angeles, Calif., one of the best of the Negro writers and a winner of many prizes for short stories.

Needless to say, we greatly regret the unfortunate omission and are glad to avail ourselves of this opportunity to so inform our readers.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF SLEEPING CAR PORTERS

ACTIVITIES OF THE MONTH

TWIN CITIES DISTRICT

PAUL L. CALDWELL, *Sec'y-Treas.*
362 North Dale Street, St. Paul, Minn.

The articles in The Pittsburgh Courier attempting to shake the confidence of the men in Mr. Randolph proved a boomerang here, and only succeeded in a loss in circulation. In discussing the matter among themselves, the men here reasoned that any influence that may be wielded by the Company or any of its spokesmen, which is to result in the removal of our present leader, may be wielded against any one whom the porters might choose. If this influence is strong or great enough to move the choice, it is large enough to tell the Brotherhood whom to choose to represent it. If this may be done, why need the Brotherhood exist? There is a Company union.

The Women's Auxiliary of St. Paul gave a card party the 10th of April which was a fair demonstration of what can be done when a group of women work in unison on an entertainment. Every one had a good time and the prizes were very acceptable. Sixteen tables were occupied.

The vote on the strike is showing a hundred per cent in favor of striking, demonstrating that a definite dissatisfaction is among the men, both members and non-members.

The Messenger, our only safe periodical, is on sale at the headquarters at all times.

NEW YORK CITY

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
2311 Seventh Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Mr. Bennie Smith of Omaha is now Supervisor of the Pittsburgh Western Zone, with Pittsburgh, Pa., as headquarters. His reports have been most encouraging. His zone includes Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Columbus and Indianapolis. He is now on a swing around his zone.

W. H. Des Verney, Assistant General Organizer, is home on business.

Frank R. Crosswaith, Special Organizer, visited New York from his Boston headquarters recently.

On the 27th and 28th of March, Mr. Randolph visited Washington, D. C. on official business. On April 7th he addressed a huge audience in Charleston, W. Va.

Propaganda issued from the enemy's side in the past few weeks has acted as a boomerang. The men are rallying as never before to the movement. There has been a rush of dues paying that has proved a great surprise and source of much gratification. More and more the men are realizing that without an organization nothing can ever be accomplished, while with an organization all things are possible. This is fundamental and basic. Yet, an organization can only exist through the will and by the support of those in it and whom it benefits. The conclusion is obvious: Support your organization financially and spiritually. The leaders will hew to the line for victory if given the support they deserve.

Unorganized Workers Accomplish Nothing.
Organizations Must Be Paid for If They Are to Live.
Keep This One Alive by Paying Your Dues.

NEW ORLEANS DISTRICT

PYTHIAN TEMPLE
ONEIDA M. BROWN, *Secretary-Treasurer*

The recent decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission was read with much interest in this area. While the men are somewhat disappointed yet they have by no means lost faith in the Brotherhood but are determined to continue the fight until victory is won. They know they are right and like all just causes, while it may take some time and hard fighting, nevertheless, success is sure. This is but one of the many struggles that honest labor has had to undergo before it came into its own. The proper sentiment is necessary and in order to have that it sometimes takes not only months but years in the accomplishment, but, just as other great movements, through struggle and long suffering, have finally won, the cause of the man through the strong fight of the Brotherhood will finally prevail.

They are far from being discouraged and intend to work on until the American people will be willing to not only conceive but champion their cause in order that a living wage may be paid these hard worked men in the service. The standard of living in this country continues to rise and the needs of the people must be met, not in an uncertain way but definitely and that can only be done by receiving reasonable wages. In other words, the man who works for another should be paid by that person in proportion to both the ability of the employer and the service of the employee.

I have not only written the men in my district but have begun a house to house campaign in order to create more interest among them for the Brotherhood.

LOS ANGELES DISTRICT

1315 East 12th Street
GEORGE S. GRANT, *Secretary-Treasurer*

The Womens' Economical Council of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, Los Angeles District, is preparing a big program for the purpose of assisting the Brotherhood while the preparations for a strike are being made. Twenty-five women lieutenants are preparing to work among the men with stimulation and moral encouragement and a propaganda committee is at work preparing and releasing to civic organizations, churches, the press, the truth about the pullman porters' struggle. A fund raising committee is getting under way for the purpose of raising funds among both white and colored citizens to assist in this fight. A Committee on citizens co-operation is preparing to form an organization composed of representative white and colored citizens to be known as the Citizens' Committee, which will give moral support and encouragement and formulate plans for economical and political protest against the inhuman and ruthless attitude of the Pullman Company. The enthusiasm of the women of the Economical Council, under the leadership of Mrs. Lulu Slaughter, is very encouraging and gives promise of very splendid results.

ST. LOUIS DISTRICT

208 People's Bldg.
E. J. BRADLEY, *Organizer*

The Brotherhood activities have taken on new life in the St. Louis territory. Porters are aware that they will be subjected to low wages and poor working conditions as long as they remain unorganized. The strike vote is being taken here and is meeting with splendid success. The men are voting freely and are urging their co-workers to vote who do not belong to the Brotherhood. As a result of this co-operative spirit, thirty-eight in the St. Louis district who are not in the Union have voted to bring about an adjustment of wages and working conditions. Voting has been going on for four days, and more than two hundred have voted which averages more than fifty a day.

Desperation is still much in evidence in A. V. Burr. News was brought to the Local Organizer a few days ago that he had discharged one of his staunch supporters, a leader of the Quartette. He is like unto a dog affected with rabies, who will bite his own master when these fits come on.

The Wonder Workers Club, a group of prominent ladies of this city, has planned to give a Whist and Dance, April 13, at the New Mon Marte Cafe, to assist the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, and Brother Grand Master Wm. H. Fields, of the A. U. K. and D. of A., donated the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters a check for Twenty-five dollars ($25.00) from the Grand Council, last week. This was greatly appreciated by the Local Organizer. Mr. Fields is one of the prominent Negro leaders of St. Louis who realizes that our fight is just, and that we need finance to carry on.

There are contributions assured us from Lodges, Churches, that will be forthcoming a little later, which will enable the Local Organizer to carry on a successful campaign in the face of any opposition that may confront him.

Local Organizer E. J. Bradley feels that there will not be a great deal more opposition to combat as the Brotherhood has fought its way through steel walls to a very near victory. The Pullman Company realizes that their forces are weakening and the forces of the Brotherhood are

strengthening; they also realize that the Brotherhood is no longer dependent upon the Pullman Porter alone to finance our fight, since they know the Brotherhood is getting financial assistance from Lodges, Churches, Unions, Civil and Civic Clubs, and various small societies.

Brother J. W. Crawford has been confined to his bed for the past week with a severe cold. The St. Louis American, a Negro Weekly, is rapidly gaining the support of the citizens. It is an ideal, clean, non-partisan paper, edited by Mr. A. N. Johnson, formerly on the staff of the Pittsburgh Courier.

BOSTON DISTRICT

922 Tremont Street
SILAS M. TAYLOR, *Local Secretary-Treasurer*

Boston district is doing very nicely and progressing wonderfully. Members are coming to the meetings more regularly. The Ladies Auxiliary gave an entertainment recently at the home of one of the members. The attendance was large and the members rallied well. Three prizes were given. The report of the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission has somewhat discouraged a few of the men, but the majority seem to be taking on more strength. Mr. Alfred Baker Lewis addressed the men. Mr. Crosswaith is doing wonderful work.

JACKSONVILLE DISTRICT

2029 Davis Street
JOHN W. DARBY, *Local Secretary-Treasurer*

The men are still doing their bit to bring about the result that we hope for in the near future despite the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. They are determined to stand until the victory is won. They are doing well despite the conditions. It is one of the worst seasons for Florida in a number of years and yet the real men always find something for the Brotherhood. Some of the others would do if they could. While the sums are not large, it shows that they are still interested and determined to fight. Some of the men are not doing anything and are trying to discourage those that mean the Brotherhood good. The conditions will only be what you make them. We have come a long way and victory is just around the corner, if we will just hold out and pay our dues and assessments and donate all we can for this good and just cause.

TWIN CITIES DISTRICT

362 North Dale Street
Saint Paul, Minnesota
PAUL L. CALDWELL, *Local Secretary-Treasurer*

We have been very busy around headquarters for the past month, and meetings have been well attended by determined men, whose minds are made up, and who declare their intentions to stick and fight. One man expressed himself with the words that if some change does not come soon, he intends to call a private strike. All the men feel that conditions are now so intolerable that anything is preferable to failure.

The women of the Pioneer Economic League of both St. Paul and Minneapolis have begun an active campaign to be of immediate aid to the men in the present crisis, and have been given tasks which will grow according to the enthusiasm expressed in their actions. Each group has been socially active in the past month, and successfully staged a card party which added appreciably to their finances. A joint committee has been requested, and evidences of joint work are being expressed.

Although our ballots have not arrived at this writing, we have a letter stating that they are sent under separate cover. The men have been notified and instructed, and are ready to cast a vote, behind which they express a willingness to stake everything upon the final struggle for justice.

The April Messengers containing such encouraging news are swept from the stands soon after arrival.

SAN FRANCISCO DISTRICT

C. L. DELLUMS, *Secretary-Treasurer*
"DAD" MOORE, *Organizer*

Since the Interstate Commerce Commission found its reasons for not doing anything for the Porters, they have shown more manhood than ever. They have shown new spirit and are fighting mad. Thursday night, March 29, there was a monstrous mass meeting held at the Brotherhood Headquarters. The largest crowd ever had was out. The Ladies Auxiliary were out. The spirit was flaming high and Secretary Dellums made a militant talk that every one was proud of. The subject was "Wake up ye slaves and save yourselves." Brother Dellums took organized labor from the beginning and brought it right up to today. He showed the body how men have suffered and died for organized labor and their rights. He showed how we have only lost a few jobs and are better off than many organizations at that. He asked the house to look upon this fight as if we were being forced back into chattel slavery and fight like they would if such were the conditions. It was explained that to lose this cause would be the first step to renewed slavery. After the Secretary's address the meeting was open for questions and discussion and then the Organizer made a great talk. There was some wonderful testimonials by the ladies.

A resolution was adopted heartily endorsing Mr. Randolph and all of his associates. Every one present stood up and endorsed the resolution and voted to stick with the Cause to the end regardless of what the end happens to be. We will win this fight or spend the rest of our lives fighting.

The men were prevailed upon to put up the service and abide by the rules so as to keep down any just cause for complaint. Also to attend Snotty's (Snoddy) jail house meetings and play dumb. Let him talk and the men listen and he can't talk very long.

The men of Oakland were not only glad to sign the strike votes but are even ready to strike.

CHICAGO DISTRICT

Members of the Chicago Division are showing a determination never before exhibited among this group of men. Two of our oldest men were recently discharged for their "attitude," for the ostensible purpose of throwing a "scare" into the boys before the strike. But the Chicago men are not alarmed and for every man that is discharged, a dozen new members are recruited.

* * *

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Chicago Division made a large donation to the Chicago office. Much credit is due the small group of women which make this effective organization possible.

An unusually good showing was made in the strike canvass in this Division. Over two hundred non-union men sent in favorable strike ballots.

* * *

A finish fight is the slogan of the men in this division.

* * *

It appears strikingly peculiar that so many intellectuals have so suddenly become interested in the Pullman Porters. Everybody now is trying to show him a "deep point" and has suddenly become intensely interested in him getting a living wage. We often wonder where they have been so long, especially when we were only getting $25.00 per.

MR. VANN FROM PITSBURGH

Of all the prize jokers that we have come in contact with, we believe Vann takes the first cake and is running a close second to his co-worker in the journalist field, "Harvard Joe." It is really a rare piece of "comedianism" to be able to cause such an outburst of mirth and laughter as was provoked by Vann's "IS RANDOLPH TO RESIGN" story and his "OPEN LETTER TO PULLMAN PORTERS AND MAIDS."

Our intellectuals should not let Keely put them in such big "cracks." They should require some credentials to show that they represent the company, then they will have something to argue on. In all of Vann's verbose and lengthy letter, not one iota of evidence did Vann disclose to show that he was authorized to speak for the Pullman Company.

The company does not hire Negro professional men only to perform dumb acts that white men won't perform. Thus Perry Howard was engaged to head the pigeon forces when the movement first started. A Negro lawyer was hired to bring an injunction suit in Kansas City to keep "A red just from Russia" from speaking, etc. But no Negro represented them before the I. C. C., nor will a Negro be hired to represent them in any bona fide dealings with anybody. Some of the inducements offered are private cars, big political plums and the like. The man that can BREAK UP THE BROTHERHOOD will be made the BIGGEST OF BIG NEGROES. We all appreciate a joke even if it is of the old minstrel show variety.

Chicago had the low down on Vann long before he "broke loose."

* * *

"Six-bits" a line is the price paid for anti-Brotherhood propaganda. That is why the same thing is repeated so many times in open letters, etc.

"OPEN LETTER TO PULLMAN PORTERS AND MAIDS"

Randolph is a socialist . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Big business won't deal with organizations headed by a socialist. . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Again, big business won't deal with organizations headed by a socialist. . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Randolph is a socialist, etc. . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Randolph is a socialist . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Blab . . . Big business won't deal with an organization headed by a socialist, and on ad infinitum.

Signed by the Editor.

P.S.: Pardon the repetition, but the price is "six-bits" per line.

THE CHICAGO STRIKE RALLY

One of the most effective meetings ever held by the Brotherhood was staged in Chicago, Sunday afternoon, April 22nd at the Metropolitan Community Center. Over two thousand people were in attendance and it was truly a representative audience, including leaders from all walks of life. Most of the Chicago newspapers sent representatives. Magazine writers and college students were also present. The Chicago professional men were unusually well represented.

Attorney C. Francis Stradford, of the Chicago Bar Association, presided. Dr. Charles Wesley Burton, prominent Congregational Minister and Chairman of the Citizens' Committee, spoke in behalf of the Chicago citizens and offered the services of the committee to do whatever the Brotherhood wanted them to do.

M. P. Webster, the local organizer, and A. Philip Randolph, General Organizer, were the principal speakers. Webster gave a detailed history of the Pullman porters' efforts to organize which crystallized in the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

Mr. Randolph made a most logical and convincing argument that the only hope for the Negro worker was this organization of workers to sell their labor collectively.

The strike situation was thoroughly explained by both speakers, and the announcement that the Pullman porters would walk off the cars in event the company did not recognize the organization met with most vociferous applause from both the public and Pullman Porters.

Editor Vann was denounced by Randolph as a Company tool whose recent action had rendered him incapable of advising Pullman porters or anybody else.

The Chicago public seemed much surprised at the

distorted, misleading and ridiculous statements contained in Vann's letter.

After hearing the strike situation explained in detail, many representative citizens expressed themselves as glad to get the truth about the Brotherhood. Indications are, judging from the applause, liberal collection and comments heard since the meeting, that the Brotherhood has been sold to the Chicago public.

* * *

Chicago members admire Vann's sense of imagination. His "IS RANDOLPH TO RESIGN" story, was a nice little manufacture of bunk. Chicago men knew, 'way in advance, that Vann was going to approach Randolph.

This "Randolph Resign Stuff" is so old in Chicago that it has long whiskers. If Vann had been a little more friendly with the Chicago Organizer, he could have been saved the embarrassment of appearing so dumb. We have been turning down such propositions for over a year.

* * *

We wonder if this gentleman from Pittsburgh was promised a private car to ride around in to make campaign speeches?

* * *

Vann says that capital will not deal with any organization headed by a socialist. The president of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor is a socialist. Vann, no doubt, did not know that.

* * *

Well, Chicago men are forced to think that L.L.D. in Pittsburgh means Lucky-Lucky-Dumb.

BABBLING BIB OF THE WHIP

About the only Chicago organ that is still "disseminating the company propaganda" is the Chicago *Whip*, edited by the Honorable Joe Bib, LL.D. from Harvard, and "Special Prosecutor." "Harry Hull" is the name which appears at the head of the articles. But a perusal of the articles lead us to believe that "Hull" is stealing Joe's stuff, as he writes with the same "technique" and "sound logic" that only the Harvard graduate himself could command. We recognize this same "misinformation" that made Bibb's early editorials so popular with the company that it bought thousands of copies of the *Whip* and distributed them free of charge to the porters.

* * *

Bibb tells a mutual friend that he has a "point to make." Well, he has a buddy now in the person of Mr. Vann of the Smoky City. We wonder if these two intellectual gentlemen are not prompted by the old "Six-Bits" per line?

RANDOLPH REPLIES TO VANN

In an Open Letter to the Pullman porters and maids by Mr. Robert L. Vann, carried in the Pittsburgh Courier of April 14th, he says that there must be some reason why the Pullman Company, for almost two years, has refused to negotiate with the porters led by Mr. Randolph. Of course, there is a reason. It's plain and simple. The reason is that *the Pullman Company is not going to deal with the porters and maids led by Randolph, or anybody else, until it is compelled to deal with them.* Any one with the slightest knowledge of American Labor history knows this. This is nothing strange and it requires no seer to see it. This procedure is adopted by all employers with their employees when their employees seek to organize, and this procedure is adopted without regard to race or color, religion or politics.

Mr. O. H. Wharton, President of the International Machinists' Union, just a week ago wrote me that the Shop Crafts workers are having the very same trouble with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks are having the very same trouble with the Texas and Southern Pacific Railroad Company. So there is no good reason why any one should get excited over the fact that this fight has taken over two years. The Pullman Conductors, who are already organized, have been fighting over two years for a wage increase and just got it. There are railroad unions that have fought over ten years before they were able to meet a single representative of their company.

Mr. Vann states further that friends have talked with me, including himself, telling me that the company objects to dealing with me because of my history in this country as a Socialist and a Radical.

In the first place *nobody has ever made this statement to me except Mr. Vann.* What friends he has in mind I don't know. In the second place, what is the reason for this sudden alarm by Vann over my being a Socialist? He says that American capital has refused to deal wtih Socialists and socialistic organizations in this country. Of course, this is not true, but granting that it is, did he know this when he began supporting the Brotherhood two years ago? If so, why didn't he, in the interest of the porters and maids, expose this dangerous nightmare then? *Why did he support the Brotherhood for two years led by a Socialist, when, as he now says, American capital has refused to deal with such organizations?*

There is a certain colored gentleman in the wood pile somewhere, and the Brotherhood will smoke him out before this fight is over. Now, Mr. Vann admits that he knew that I was a Socialist two years ago, for he says I have a history as a Socialist and a radical and that Owen and myself bragged about it. Obviously, *either Mr. Vann must plead guilty to having misled the porters for two years into believing that they could win, even when led by a Socialist and a radical, or that this ELEVENTH hour discovery that the Pullman Company would not deal with the porters under my leadership is not his discovery,* though he pretends that it is. Whichever condition obtains, it disqualifies him from assuming the role of an adviser to the porters and maids as to any kind of leadership. *His own statement indicts himself of being guilty of either bad judgment or insincerity,* either one of which renders him untrustworthy.

He says further that it is known on good authority that the Pullman Company will deal with the porters and maids if I step aside. What GOOD AUTHORITY is this? I have seen no evidence of any such alleged good authority. We have only Mr. Vann's word for it, which recent developments cause us to question. What reason has the Brotherhood to assume that Mr. Vann's statement is bona fide? How do I know that he represents the Pullman Company? *Assuming that the Company has told Vann that it will deal with the porters if I resign, what reason have we for believing that the Company would keep its word? What is there to compel it to do so? Absolutely nothing.*

Furthermore, Mr. Vann says that the porters are licked, then *why would the Company deal with them under anybody's leadership if they are licked?* The Pullman Company is not dumb enough to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars over two or more years trying to beat the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and then turn around and recognize and sign an agreement with it if it has succeeded in beating the Brotherhood which it started out to do. The Company wants the Employee Representation Plan, not the Brotherhood. Therefore, if it can lick the Brotherhood, it will be able to force the plan upon the porters and maids and common sense would tell anybody that it would not deal with the Brotherhood after it is licked, merely requiring that there be a change in the leadership. The idea is preposterous and absurd. *Mr. Vann ought to know better, and perhaps he does.*

Again he says I ought to resign and call the bluff of the Pullman Company, whatever that means. Continuing, he says if the Company does not make good after I get out of the picture, then I could come back and fight on to glorious victory. This is perfectly childish and questionable. If he knows that the Company will sign an agreement with the Brotherhood if I resign, why the necessity of my calling their bluff? I thought he was speaking on good authority. And *if the porters are licked now, as he says they are, how nonsensical it would be for me to resign to call the Pullman's bluff with the hope of coming back to fight for victory after the Company had strengthened its forces and weakened the Brotherhood's.* Furthermore, there is no assurance that the Company would consent to a conference were I to resign, nor is there any assurance that it would sign an agreement with the Brotherhood, even after a conference was arranged.

As to the matter of capital not dealing with a Socialist, the wish is probably father to the thought. For Mr. Vann's information, may I say that James H. Mourer, the president of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor is a Socialist. Mr. Johnson, former president of the International Machinists' Union for over twenty years, is a Socialist. Morris Hillquit, leader of American Socialists, negotiates contracts for the Needles Trades Unions with the biggest clothing manufacturers of America. Moreover, the Brotherhood is a labor organization, not a political organization.

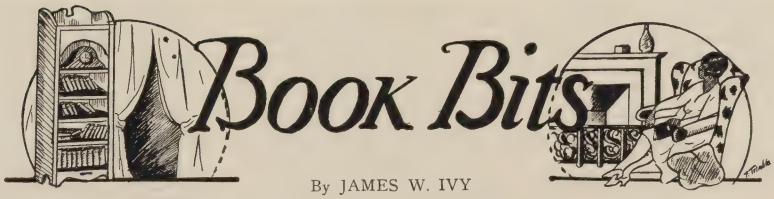
"White Folk's Nigger"

(*Continued from page* 111)

nothing but red-hot cinders." Changing his loud harsh tones suddenly into a prayerful plea spoken in a minor key, he exhorted, "Oh Lord, oh Lord, have mercy on poor Amos Dickson down there in all that fiery discord. Dear Jesus do go down there and blow your breath on him, speak to him dear Jesus, and tell him you done give him a chance to be saved. Blessed Jesus save the sinners in this here house, speake to 'em Lord and make 'em see what you done to our poor departed brother—"

Loud moans and voices crying, "Have mercy Lord," completely drowned the preacher's closing remarks. And like a throbbing minor note, Elinor Balsam's weep-

(*Continued on page* 117)



By JAMES W. IVY

"Latest Contemporary Portraits" (The Macauley Co.—$3.50), by Frank Harris.

Probably the strangest case in English and American literature is the case of Frank Harris. A writer of the first rank; of whom Carlyle said: "I expect more considerable things from this young man than from any other young man I know;" of whom Bernard Shaw wrote: "Some American wants to know if this man is the greatest writer in America. I should be greatly surprised to learn that he had ever struck his superior or even his equal in that section of the world;" of whom Mencken writes: "What this man has written about his contemporaries is certain to condition the view held of them in the future;" and to whom Oscar Wilde dedicated his "Ideal Husband" in these words: "This man has been everywhere and seen everything, but he has never written a dull page." Even lesser men have praised him: Arnold Bennett, Konrad Bercovici, Francis Hackett, George Sylvester Viereck, Edwin Pugh, and many others. Yet he is practically unknown to the general run of readers; he is hardly a name to them. But how explain this praise of the greatest and disdain of the many? This, I think, can be easily done. No one else has done exactly the things that Mr. Harris has done. When that great humorist and occasional wit, Oscar Wilde, was under a cloud and his former friends even went out of their way to humiliate him, Frank Harris was one of the few to stand by him. After Wilde had been released from Reading Gaol and was living in France, Harris associated with him openly when those who pretended to be Oscar's friends dared not acknowledge him but in private. During the height of the Boer War, Harris spoke and wrote against it as a crime against humanity. When the average Englishman was treating the Egyptian as a nigger slave and his country as England's backyard, Harris was for better treatment and Egyptian independence. He favored home rule for Ireland and India and ruthlessly condemned the English oligarchy for their stupid blunders and insensate cruelties in these countries. Soon after the opening of the World War he came to America and penned his famous "England or Germany (?)" a frank appraisal of German and English culture to the decided advantage of the former; which quite naturally did not endear him to either the English or the Americans. And all his life he has shown open contempt for mediocrities of every description. In a word, he has always done the right thing at the wrong time. At least, the world at large thinks so. These things coupled with his "flaming eyes, his fighter's moustache and his lion's voice" have served to give him the reputation of a "violent buccaneer," a ruffian, and an insufferable egotist. "Modesty is not likely to be ascribed to me," he writes. "Every idiot who has ever met me talks of my extraordinary conceit."

To complete the general hatred of him he wrote "My Life." Of course, he had no thought of the incalculable harm which the publication of this book might do him. He put it forth as the first chapter in a sort of new Bible; but the public received it as a "sewer-Bible," the vilest book in the history of the world. He himself writes: "The fact that I had written and published such a book injured my reputation as a writer and as a human being. Men I had known well, cut me in public." "My Life" is not "vile," despite the effort of some critics to put it in a class with such pornography as "Fanny Hill," "Le Rideau Levé," and "An Officer of the Dragoons." Such classification results from the idiotic confusion of "obscene" and "erotic." One differs *toto coelo* from the other. "My Life" does contain a good deal of eroticism, but the one who dubs it obscene on that score puts himself among the long-eared. A book is obscene only when its purpose is to arouse "coarse and brutish sensuality;" this, Harris' autobiography does not do. This question aside, the fact remains that the book has added to Harris' unpopularity.

Somewhere, Mr. Harris has written that it has been his passion, his life work, to get to know and to understand all the great men of his time, "those on the forehead of the time to come," to use his phrase. Five volumes of "Contemporary Portraits" stand as a witness to his success. He has known intimately and written revealing portraits of such men as Carlyle, Renan, Whistler, Richard Burton, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Maupassant, Shaw, Kipling, Pierre Loti, Lloyd George, Viscount Grey, Clemenceau, Russell Wallace, H. G. Wells, Huxley, Upton Sinclair, Turgenieff, Gorki, Otto Kahn, and Richard Wagner, to mention a few. Now he adds Eugene Debs, Henri Barbusse, Prince Peter Kropotkin, Ambassador Bernstorff, the Goncourts and many others in his "Latest Contemporary Portraits." The book opens with a portrait of David Graham Phillips, whom Harris regards as the greatest of American novelists, followed by a soul-revealing study of the great Italian actress, Eleonora Duse. D'Annunzio loved and lived with the Duse for a number of years. Some years after they had parted she heard that D'Annunzio had written a novel describing their love. At once she wrote to him saying, she hoped the rumor was not true for she would look on such exposure as desecration. He replied that he had already been offered thirty thousand lires for the book and he was hard up and "could not refuse such a sum." At once Duse sold a little home she had made for herself in Venice and sent him the money. Six months later D'Annunzio published "Il Fuoco." Here in "Il Fuoco" he describes their love in Zolaesque detail.

There is Prince Peter Kropotkin, the famous anarchist; a great lover of his fellow men. Harris tells an amusing story of the great Prince's hospitality, even when he was in straitened circumstances. "Madame Kropotkin would be preparing dinner for her small family of three persons. An unexpected visitor arriving, Peter would hurry to the kitchen: 'Sophie add some more water to the soup.' After this process was repeated several times, and when the meal was served, it was usually six or seven people Sophie had to feed instead of three."

He tells of Leon Bloy, the great hater. Once he met the vitrolic writer in a cafe on the other side of the *Buttes*. " 'This coffee,' he cried, 'is unfit to drink and the idiot who brought it must needs spill it all over the place. Bad coffee, bad service, and you,' he shouted at the proprietor, 'will expect to get your price!' " "I looked at the man curiously," says Harris; "I never saw a face so expressive of rage and hatred." "Yet he was a Parisian figure of the day and worthy of something more than passing notice."

Eugene Debs, Harris tells us, is the only Saint he has ever met. "I have always thought of Debs as the *Beloved Disciple*, as the man who had more of the spirit of Jesus in him than any man I have ever met, one of the simplest, noblest, sweetest of souls." "Dear Debs, I can still see his tall slight figure and smiling affectionate eyes. It makes my eyes burn to know that I shall never see him again, never again clasp hands with him, never again hug the old comrade, a fore-most fighter in the great struggle for justice on earth and good will to men."

Then there are portraits of Ehrlich, of Eugene Fromentin, George Russell, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Paul Bourget, Louis Sullivan, Frederick Harrison, Annie Besant, Horace Traubel, Joseph Caillaux, and several others. This volume is not nearly so good as those comprising his first and second series. It is very uneven. The best of the portraits being those of Debs, Duse and Louis Sullivan. The one on Ambassador Bernstorff is good too. Most of them are soul-revealing and throw interesting side lights on the characters portrayed.

"Report of the First American Rank & File Labor Delegation to Soviet Russia" (International Publishers—$0.25).

American labor is certainly a long time discovering Soviet Russia. And the American Capitalist has been about equally as

long. The American State Department, however, is complete in its certitude that Soviet Russia is an "economic vacuum." Soviet Russia actually exists, and the Bolshevists are still in power—despite the *New York Times*. So if our so-called industrial leaders had one whit the intelligence that popular opinion invests them with, they would long ago have recognized the Soviet Government, entered into diplomatic relations with it, and have obtained valuable concessions of oil and coal and other minerals. Of course, the privileged class in Russia is the working class; possibly our plutocrats would rather deal with broken down Grand Dukes and debauched Barons than any sort of worker no matter how efficient, no matter how honest. American labor, which always takes its cue from the plutocrats, has been as sniffish of the Soviets as the Union League Club or the National Security League. Happily for them, however, they are beginning to investigate Russia at first hand for themselves. What they see there is, in most instances, favorable and not at all like the nightmare of lies current in the capitalist press. The Russians go about their daily lives just as we do in America, although the two countries differ much in custom, thought, and development. They live under a dictatorship, that's true, but it is beneficent and seeks to secure the welfare of the masses, at least; which is far more than can be said for our capitalistic dictatorship. This report tells us nothing new: for the essential facts about Russian life under the Soviets have been reported time and again; yet the report throws an interesting sidelight on American labor mentality in respect to the Russian reform.

"The Child and The Home" (*Vanguard Press*—$0.50), *by B. Liber.* All of us have been children but few, if any, of us understand the child, the psychology of the child. Most of us treat children as oreads or pachydermatous fools; seldom if ever like simple human beings who are much like ourselves. Yet that is all they are: human beings with distinct personalties of their own; with their own problems and joys and sorrows quite apart from those of the adult world. Dr. Liber pleads for a sane and more humane method of rearing children: "let us forget all the theories on education and talk plainly about the situation of the child in his parents' home and about his rational bringing-up in his normal surroundings."

"What the child almost always lacks in his home is: (1) freedom, (2) truth, (3) respect for his individuality." "The purpose of bringing-up in all its phases should be to make the child as happy as possible and we can reach that goal only by allowing his individuality to develop as freely as possible."

The essence of Dr. Liber's book is found in his emphasis on freedom, truth and respect in the rearing of children. First, get the respect of the child and then the road becomes smoother and easier to travel.

"Dan Minturn" (*Vanguard Press*—$0.50), *by M. H. Hedges.* An ordinary man, Dan Minturn. I should say, too, that the story is strictly American in conception and treatment: the poor boy, Dan, lifts himself out of his class, makes something of a name for himself as a politician, and eventually marries the beautiful and rich Agatha, the daughter of a millionaire. We have his outward but his inward, his soul, his heart, is a sealed book. And ordinary men are not worth writing about unless the author can show us some side of their character to differentiate them from the great mass of the long-eared; or to use such men as mouthpieces to reveal his own idiosyncratic view of life. This Dan, I may add, never becomes distinct, a throbbing, moving character; he is only dimly seen and in consequence half realized.

"Report of Proceedings at the Fourth Ordinary Congress of the International Federation of Trade Unions; Held at the 'Grand Palais,' Paris, from August 1st to 6th, 1927" (*U. S. Publicity Agency of the I. F. T. U., Bruno Wagner, 243 E. 84th Street, N. Y. C.*, $1.25). "This latest publication of the I. F. T. U., contains, not only the proceedings of the International Trade Union Congress, the Conference of the International Trade Secretaries, and the International Conference of Trade Union Women, but also the full text of the addresses submitted to the Congress on the various items of its agenda, and of the resolutions passed. Of these, we may mention the following: *At the International Trade Union Congress:* The Fight Against War and Militarism, The International Campaign for the Eight Hour Day, The Commercial, Clerical and Technical Employees and the Professional Workers in the Trade Union Movement, The Organizational Structure of the International Federation of Trade Unions, International Assistance in Strikes and Lockouts; *at the International Conference of Trade Union Women:* The Protection of Women Workers: The Economic Significance of Women's Work for Wages, and Homework."

The Conference denounces "the horrors of war, the dangers of militarism, and warmongering plots of all kinds," but does not seem to see that the present mad Competition between the Powers in their exploitation of Africa engenders ill-feeling and does more to keep the war-spirit alive than any other factor. The leaders of the Congress make no mention of the quite obvious connection between the "rationalization of production in relation to working hours," the "economic situation of the Workers," and the ruthless exploitation of native workers in India and China and Africa. So long as it is possible for the European Capitalist to export his Capital to India or Africa, where labor organizations are few, workers many and cheaply paid, the reduction of working hours, the obtaining of higher wages, and better living and working conditions in Europe will be hard to obtain. The wage paid a Chinese Coolie in Canton profoundly influences the wages paid the dock laborer in Liverpool. Wages in Indian cotton mills are determining factors in the wage scale of Lancashire mill hands.

I was amused, heartily so, at the naiveness of the Committee, composed of Jauhaux, Eggert, and Tillett, which called on the secretary of the American Embassy at Paris, and requested that the United States in the *Sacco-Vanzetti case* follow the "traditions of humanity" which was exactly what the State of Massachusetts did.

"Negro Problems In Cities" (*Doubleday, Doran & Co.*—$2.50), *a study made under the direction of T. J. Woofter, Jr.* The book published under the above title is made up of the investigations of Mr. T. J. Woofter, Jr., into "Neighborhoods;" Madge Headley into "Housing;" Mr. W. A. Daniel into "Schools;" and Mr. Henry J. McGuinn into "Recreation." The investigations were made under the direction of the Institute of Social and Religious Research. They are all fair and impartial. But there is hardly anything novel in them; what they have to report was, in most cases, already known. It is a handy book, since it has many vital facts where the social student may easily get his hands on them.

"Home to Harlem" (*Harper & Brothers*—$2.50), *by Claude McKay.* A series of episodes linked together through the presence in each of Jake Brown, longshoreman, ex-soldier, and lover of Harlem's teasing browns, who give themselves so neatly to sluttery. Two tales in the book stand out: that of Gin-Head Susy of Brooklyn, fat, black and ugly, but tolerated for her good gin; and that of "Rhinocerous," a much hated Pennsylvania chef, "a great black bundle of consciously suppressed desires." Of Susy, McKay writes: "Susy was wonderfully credited. She was of the Complexion known among Negroes as spade or chocolate-to-the bone. Her eyes shone like big white stars. Her chest was majestic and the general effect like a mountain."

"The burning passion of Susy's life was the yellow youth of the race," "Susy's life of yellow Complexity was surcharged with gin. There were whisky and beer also at her sociable evenings, but gin was the drink of drinks—all-male were her parties and as yellow as she could make them.

"Yet for all of her wages drowned in gin, Susy carried a hive of discontents in her majestic breast. She desired a lover, something like her undutiful husband, but she desired in vain. Her guests consumed her gin and listened to the phonograph, exchanged rakish stories, and when they felt fruit-ripe to dropping, left her place in pursuit of pleasures elsewhere."

Susy, of course, is well aware "that the men's was most buyable themselves," and after keeping Zeddy for a time loses even him. Of the Pennsylvania Chef cook: "The short, stout, hard-and-horny chef was terrible as a rhinoceros. Against the second, third, and fourth cooks he bellied his way up to the little serving door and glared at the waiters. His tough, aproned front was a challenge to them. In his oily, shining face his big white eyes danced with meanness." His philosophy is "Keep 'em (the waiters) up a tree all the time, but don't let 'em get you up there." Those who objected to Nigger Heaven will, if they are honest, howl with rage when they read *Home to Harlem.* It is not a book for old maids, neither he nor she: it is frankly a story of the so-called common nigger; and pimps, bulldykers, faggots, "snoweaters," wild parties, razor fights, and sluttish women, are all written of in a free and open manner. McKay is not ashamed of this throbbing life of "Nigger Heaven." The book is beautiful but frank to the verge of cruelty. Many of the paragraphs are in reality poems in prose. Take the one about the "blues" on page 54, or the one on page 8 about "brown girls." McKay is surely a writer of talent, and we are hoping that he will try his hand at another novel.

This book is not a picture of *Harlem Life*, it is a slice of Harlem Life. The social milieu treated is actually and faithfully portrayed. McKay, however, does not include the variety of types pictured by Van Vechten.

"Mark And Lenin: The Science of Revolution" (Albert & Charles Boni—$2.00), by Max Eastman. A brilliant and penetrating criticism of the Marxian orthodoxy. After the publication of this book the orthodox Marxian must of necessity modify his interpretation of *Das Kapital*. He must perform on the Marxian canon the same operation that the higher critics have used so effectively on the "good book." Marx thought himself scientific, his socialism the science of sciences, while the elecubrations of Fourier and Saint-Simon, to put it mildly, were merely punk. Mr. Eastman proves that Marx was as animistic in his thinking as any of them, and that Lenin who believed in Marx's teachings in theory constantly refuted them in practice. Mr. Eastman would put revolutionary theory on a psychological basis instead of a metaphysical one. He puts Freud in the place of Hegel. It is really an attempt to make social revolution scientific, to divert it of its present religious togs.

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"White Folks's Nigger"

(*Continued from page* 114)

ing sounded above the devout cries. Suddenly the Negro voice dissolved into a hymn:

"Oh my lovin' brother don't you
want God's bosom
To be your pillow when the world's
on fire-ah."

Slowly the song died away. After a moment of inaction another man, young and sombre-eyed, apparently a minister also, got up and took the place of the previous speaker, but standing nearer the coffin, in fact so close to it that he could press one of his slim brown hands against the shining surface of the casket. Elinor Balsam's sobs affected him visibly. Sympathy softened his dark, grave face. As he stood there quietly in front of the large and mixed audience death's icy breath grew warmer, Elinor's sobs beat down into little long-drawn gasps. Not a soul stirred; every eye was upon him.

Slowly, he began, repeating words that seemed to have but then dawned upon him, bringing to him a new and clearer meaning. "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

The rustle of stiffening backs drawn upright against hard seats settled into quiet before he spoke again.

"I see hands," he announced with a startling vividness. "Old, old hands, wrinkled, toil-worn hands extended in supplication to the Christ. Such hands . . . . stained and roughened with service and withal so tender, gentle, and kind. Look

(*Continued on page* 119)

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THREE DECADES OF SERVICE TO THE RACE

Death and Diet

(*Continued from page 107*)

pasteurized but certified milk, which costs more, just as whole grains cost more because they are more perishable; cows from which the raw milk is taken have to pass a more rigid examination, milk obtained from consumptive cows is made "sanitary" by heating. But along with the destruction of the tubercle bacillus has gone the destruction of the vitamine and made it valueless as food. It is better to pay more to your grocer and milk man and less to your doctor and druggist. The great culinary and aesthetic possibilities of raw food will be discussed fully in my next article.

(Note: Well folks, there's the lowdown on food. If you are suffering from constipation, indigestion, anemia, tuberculosis or any of the ordinary diseases afflicting the so-called human race, it will pay you to read carefully the above article and the one that is to follow. Ninety per cent of all human illness comes through the mouth; that is to say, from what we eat. Watch your diet and cheat the undertaker. Next month Miss Jannath, who has never been ill because she knows how and what to eat, will tell you what to eat and how to prepare it, in order that YOU may perpetually enjoy good health and a sweet disposition. Don't miss the next article in this great educational series. The Messenger is adopting this means to help in cutting down the enormous and unnecesary Negro sickness and death rate.

The Editors.)

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JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

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"White Folks's Nigger"

(*Continued from page* 117)

at them friend, look at those hands, and tell me is there any one of you who can believe that these hands are raised to the Saviour in vain." Never once had he raised his voice; it was fraught with sincerety.

Softly fell, Elinor Balsam's tears like healing balm for her sorrowing heart. Silently, the young minister stood firm-footed upon this old, but ever new, doctrine which he had flung into the faces of his hearers, and one slender brown hand pressed the shining surface of Uncle Dickson's coffin.

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